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WORDSWORTH.¹

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I OWE it, no doubt, to the fact of having had the honour to represent Exeter in Parliament for some years, that I have been requested to appear before you to-night in the capacity of lecturer. It has in consequence cost me no small trouble to consider and determine what subject I should choose for my discourse. I wished to choose some subject which, at any rate, could do no harm, and of which I am not wholly ignorant; but I have found the task of selection by no means easy. Innocent subjects indeed abound; but the knowledge of them possessed by a man immersed in business and wholly occupied with the labours of public life, is not equally abundant. Men, no doubt, habitually lecture upon subjects of which they know nothing and understand nothing, and as to which I should think, if they have common modesty, they must be very conscious of their ignorance. These examples are certainly at once amusing and amazing; but I do not desire that astonishment should tempt me into imitation. What I am about to lay before you, if not new, shall, I hope, be true; if familiar, it is, I think, important; and it does not always follow, that what is true and familiar is so practically accepted and acted on, as to make insistence on it needless.

I suppose that the majority of you whom I address are engaged in some business or profession; that you have to work in some way or another; that you

cannot treat life as a mere enjoyment, nor do always what you please or what you fancy; that you have toil and struggle and labour, and dull duty, perhaps repulsive, at least uninteresting, out of which your life is for the most part made, and on which in large measure your days, perhaps your nights, are spent. If this be so, in this at least you and I are at one; I wish therefore to suggest to you the true practical value, to such as we are, of great imaginative and poetical compositions; and as an example of such compositions I will take the works of the poet I know best next to Shakspeare, the works of William Wordsworth, and urge upon you their reverent study. I am speaking only as a man of business to men of business. The really great and profound men of letters I pass by with true respect. They have their own noble work to do, and many of them do it nobly. The smart critics who settle a reputation with a sneer and dismiss a great author in a parenthesis, they too do their work which is not noble, and to their work I leave them. Let us see whether for you and for me there be not sound and sensible reasons in support of the opinion I have advanced.

I am not sure but that in selecting such a subject for my address to you to-night I have been influenced in some degree by a certain perversity. For I have seen the love of Wordsworth imputed almost as a discredit and a disqualification for the holding of high legal office; and the fact that the Lord

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Chancellor quoted him at a legal dinner, suggested by the conversation which he had had upon the subject during dinner with the Chancellor of the Exchequer and myself, seems to have struck some public writers as incongruous, not to say as indicating a certain weakness and effeminacy of mind. Well, I admit to having a perverse satisfaction in taking a natural opportunity of proclaiming my utter and peremptory dissent from any such notions. But I have a better and weightier motive for addressing you, which is this. The study of Wordsworth has been to me from my childhood so great a comfort and delight; it has, so far as I can judge, been of such real and abiding use to me; that it is a plain duty of gratitude to say so openly on all fitting occasions, and to endeavour if I can to lead others to enjoy what I have found so delightful, and to benefit by that which I have found so profitable.

Wordsworth, it is true, is probably now, by most cultivated and intellectual men, admitted to be a great and original writer; a writer whose compositions it is right to be acquainted with as a part of literary history and literary education. Few men would now venture to deny him genius or to treat his poetry with contempt. No one probably would dare to echo or even to defend the ribald abuse of the *Edinburgh Review*. But he is not generally appreciated: even now he is far too little read; and, as I think, for the idlest and weakest of all reasons. He suffers still from the impression produced by attacks made upon him by men who, I should suppose, if they had tried, were incapable of feeling his beauty and his grandeur, but who seem to me never to have had the common honesty to try. Fastening upon a few obvious defects, seizing upon a few poems (poems admitting of complete defence, and, viewed rightly, full of beauty, yet capable no doubt of being presented in a ridiculous aspect), the critics of the *Edinburgh Review* poured out on Wordsworth abuse, invective, malignant personality, which deterred the unreflecting mass of men from reading for themselves and finding out, as they must have found out,

the worthlessness of the criticism. They destroyed his popularity and blighted his reputation, though they have had no power whatever over his fame. Lord Jeffrey was the chief offender in this matter. I do not pretend to judge of his merits as a lawyer or a politician. As Lord Advocate and Lord of Session, he may, for what I know, have been more than respectable. As a man he had warm friends; and I do not doubt that he deserved to have them. But his collected essays show him to have been as poor, as shallow, as mistaken a critic as ever succeeded in obtaining a temporary and factitious reputation. If you look through his essays you will find scarcely an original judgement of his which has stood the test of time. Even in the instances of Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott, the universal favourites, whom Lord Jeffrey in common with everybody else praised and honoured, it is very seldom right praise or for right reasons which you will find bestowed on them by him.

That such a man could not measure the greatness of Wordsworth, and was incapable of feeling the perfection of his art; that he should have found him dull, and trifling, and prosaic, and a poor artist, is not at all astonishing. To him originality in poetry was as colour to a blind man. That he should have pursued with bitter personal vituperation so pure and noble and high-minded a man as Wordsworth is unpleasant to remember. But that such criticism as his (except that he was always clear, intelligible, and decided) should have been able to produce the effect which followed it, is wonderful indeed. "Yarrow Unvisited" he calls "a tedious, affected performance;" of "Resolution and Independence" he says, "We defy the bitterest enemy of Mr. Wordsworth to produce anything at all parallel to this from any collection of English poetry, or even from the specimens of his friend Mr. Southey"—(a sentence which, in a very different sense from that which Lord Jeffrey gave it, I should desire to adopt;) of the "Ode on Immortality," that "it is the most illegible and unintelligible part of the

publication." There stood the beauty and tenderness of "Yarrow Unvisited," the grandeur and dignity of "Resolution and Independence," the intense and profound imagination of the "Ode on Immortality," to confute the critic. Nay, Lord Jeffrey quoted noble passages at length as subjects for sneer and for derision. But the sentence of the critic either suspended men's judgments or overbore them, and the poems were unread. The power of the *Edinburgh Review* of those days, written as it was by a set of men of splendid and popular abilities, was indeed prodigious. It stopped for years the sale of Wordsworth's poems; and though he outlived its calumnies, and found at length a general and reverent acceptance, yet prejudices were created which impeded his popularity; and even now the echoes of Lord Jeffrey's mocking laughter fill the ears of many men, and deafen them to the lovely and majestic melody of Wordsworth's song.

It is against prejudices such as these, unworthy and unfounded prejudices, that I protest. It is not only, it is not chiefly, that they prevent the formation of a sound literary judgment, though this is something. It is that they stand between working men, using that expression in the sense I have explained, and a writer who might be of such great use to them and such an abiding comfort. I think Wordsworth, with the doubtful exception of Chaucer, of whom I am ashamed to say I do not know enough to form a judgement, a name in our literature to which Shakespeare and Milton are alone superior. But, right or wrong, this is not the point on which I wish to insist. What I do wish to insist on is, that for busy men, men hard at work, men plunged up to the throat in the labours of life, the study of Wordsworth is as healthy, as refreshing, as invigorating a study as literature can supply. He is the poet to whom you and I may turn with great and constant advantage. And I will tell you why I say so.

First, the man himself, his life, his character, whether as a man or as an artist, are subjects for the study and imitation of every hard-working man.

His life was pure and simple; I might almost say austere. With very narrow means he sat himself down to pursue his calling with a single eye to do what he thought his duty, and according to his convictions and to the best of his abilities to benefit mankind. No money difficulties, not even the pressure of almost poverty, diverted him for an instant from his high purpose, or bowed him at any time to an unworthy condescension. No mockery disturbed his equanimity, no unpopularity shook his confidence. He believed he had a work to do, and he did it with all his might. "Make yourself, my dear friend," he said to Lady Beaumont, "as easy-hearted as myself with respect to these poems. Trouble not yourself with their present reception; of what moment is that compared with what, I trust, is their destiny? To console the afflicted; to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier; to teach the young and the gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and seriously virtuous—this is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform long after we (that is, all that is mortal of us) are mouldered in our graves." Again he says: "Be assured that the decision of these persons (i.e., 'the London wits and wittings') has nothing to do with the question; they are altogether incompetent judges. . . . My ears are stone deaf to this idle buzz, and my flesh as insensible as iron to these petty stings; and after what I have said I am sure yours will be the same. I doubt not that you will share with me an invincible confidence that my writings (and among them these little poems) will co-operate with the benign tendencies in human nature and society, wherever found; and that they will in their degree be efficacious in making men wiser, better, and happier." Once more, he says to Sir George Beaumont: "Let the poet first consult his own heart as I have done, and leave the rest to posterity,—to, I hope, an improving posterity. I have not written down to the level of superficial observers and unthinking minds. Every great poet is

a teacher; I wish either to be considered as a teacher or nothing." And in a very fine passage in his famous Preface, speaking of the imagination, he says: "And if bearing in mind the many poets distinguished by this prime quality, whose names I omit to mention, yet justified by the recollection of the insults which the ignorant, the incapable, and the presumptuous have heaped upon these and my other writings, I may be permitted to anticipate the judgment of posterity upon myself, I shall declare (censurable, I grant, if the notoriety of the fact above stated does not justify me) that I have given in these unfavourable times evidence of exertions of this faculty upon its worthiest objects; the external universe, the moral and religious sentiments of man, his natural affections, and his acquired passions, which have the same ennobling tendency as the productions of men in this kind worthy to be holden in undying remembrance." In this spirit of noble self-confidence he turned away from London, from offers of lucrative employment, from the fascinations of society, to which he was by no means insensible, and spent his life amongst the mountains of Westmoreland in the steady undeviating pursuit of what he knew he could do best. Competence, if not wealth, came to him in after years, but came unsought; a great and genuine popularity at length followed him, though he had never followed it; but these things did not change in the smallest measure the simplicity of his life, or disturb the repose of his character. *Virgilium vidi tantum*. It was my privilege, when I was yet a boy and he an old man, to spend a month in constant intercourse with him; and I have retained undying recollections of the dignity and power which he bore about him, and which were singularly impressive. But his poems are the man, and what I saw, and I hope profited by, you may see and profit by in the books which he has left behind.

No man more than he, moreover, carried conscience into his work. His style, his language, were always the best he could produce, and his works were laboured at and corrected with uncon-

promising severity. Sometimes, it is true, he in later years corrected into tameness the grand conceptions of his youth; but his principle was high and right. "I yield to none," says he, "in love for my art. I therefore labour at it with reverence, affection, and industry. My main endeavour as to style has been that my poems should be written in pure intelligible English." "Make what you do produce as good as you can," is his comment on an answer of Crabbe, that it was "not worth while" to take the trouble to make his poems more correct in point of English.

Farthermore as far as literature is concerned, he set himself to a great task, and he completely accomplished it. He had Cowper certainly for a forerunner, but from many causes the influence of Cowper was limited; and though he preceded Wordsworth, yet Wordsworth has done more to make Cowper appreciated than Cowper did for him. Poetry he found, in spite of Cowper and in spite of Gray, overlaid with unreality and affectation, severed for a time from the truth of nature, and become useless and ineffective for purposes of refreshment and improvement. He set himself to bring Poetry back to simplicity and truth; he sent her once more to Nature for her images, and to the heart of man for her thoughts; and created—as he has said himself, every great poet must create—the taste by which he was himself to be relished. In the best sense he revolutionized the style of English literature. Say what men will, very few of his contemporaries were not—there is not a great living writer who has not been—deeply and permanently impressed by him. In Browning, in Tennyson, in Sir Henry Taylor, in Matthew Arnold, you not only catch echoes of Wordsworth from time to time; but in that which at their best all have in common in their simple, direct, energetic English, you feel the influence in style which he left behind him. To have done this, and to have set a great example and given forth a teaching for which everyone must be the better, constitutes no common claim on a people's gratitude.

But he has done this besides in noble

works ; in works which will never die, which are as delightful and refreshing as they are wise and good. I do not pretend, in a few hasty and desultory remarks, to exhaust the subjects which even my knowledge of him could supply. I will take but a few of the lessons which he teaches, and point out to you how he teaches them. I hope that the beauty and the wisdom will speak for themselves, and, if the great man is new to you, will kindle in you a desire for a more extended knowledge of him. I do not pretend to be your teacher, but I may not improperly, I hope, tell you who has been mine.

First, he shows us, as no other man has done, the glory, the beauty, the holiness of Nature ; he spiritualizes for us the outward world ; and that with no weak and sentimental, but with a thoroughly manly feeling. He always insists, it has been well said, that Nature gives gladness to the glad and comfort to the sorrowful. It is not only that his descriptions of nature are so true and so fresh, that reading him after a hard day's work is like walking out amongst the fields and hills ; but that he steps them in an ideal light, that he sheds upon them

"the gleam—

The light that never was on sea or land ;
The consecration and the poet's dream ;"

and that he makes us feel that wonderful connection between nature and the soul of man, which is indeed mysterious, but which those who have felt it cannot deny ; and those who believe that the same Almighty God created both, will not be inclined to doubt.

If I were to read to you all the passages, or even many of them which make good this point, I should keep you here till midnight. You need not be afraid. I will trouble you but with two or three. In "Hart Leap Well," for instance, the story is that a knight had chased a stag a whole day long, and the stag at last, with three great leaps down a steep hill, fell down and died on the brink of a spring of water. The knight built a pleasure house there, but at the date of the poem it had fallen into ruin ; and

the poet sees the ruins and hears the story from an old shepherd whom he finds upon the spot. And thus the poem ends :—

"The shepherd stopped, and that same story told
Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.

'A jolly place,' said he, 'in times of old !
But something ails it now ; the spot is curst.

" 'You see there lifeless stumps of aspen wood—
Some say that they are beeches, others elms—
These were the bower ; and here a mansion stood,
The finest palace of a hundred realms !

" 'The harbour does its own condition tell ;
You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream :
But as to the great Lodge ! you might as well
Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

" 'There's neither dog nor heiler, horse nor sheep,
Will wet his lips within that cup of stone ;
And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,
This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

" 'Some say that here a murder has been done,
And blood cries out for blood ; but, for my part,
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,
That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

* * * * *

" 'Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade ;
The sun on drearier hollow never shone ;
So will it be, as I have often said,
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone.'

" 'Grey-headed shepherd, thou hast spoken well ;
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine :
This Beast, not unobserved, by Nature fell ;
His death was mourned by sympathy divine.

" 'The Being, that is in the clouds and air,
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom He loves.

" 'The pleasure house is dust :—behind, before,
This is no common waste, no common gloom ;
But Nature, in due course of time, once more,
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

"She leaves these objects to a slow decay,
That what we are, and have been, may
be known;
But at the coming of the milder day,
These monuments shall all be overgrown.

"One lesson, shepherd, let us two divide,
Taught both by what she shows, and what
conceals;
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that
feels."

Again, let me take the end of one of
his very finest lyrics, the "Song at the
Feast of Brougham Castle." The Harper
of the Cliffords is represented as singing
an exulting song on the restoration of
good Lord Clifford, the Shepherd Lord,
as he was called, to the halls of his
ancestors, in the time of Henry VII.
The whole poem is very noble, and it
ends thus:—

"Now another day is come,
Fitter hope, and nobler doom;
He hath thrown aside his crook,
And hath buried deep his book;
Armour rusting in his halls
On the blood of Clifford calls:
'Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance;
Bear me to the heart of France,
Is the longing of the shield—
Tell thy name, thou trembling Field;
Field of death, where'er thou be,
Groan thou with our victory!
Happy day, and mighty hour,
When our Shepherd, in his power,
Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,
To his ancestors restored
Like a reappearing Star,
Like a glory from afar,
First shall head the flock of war!"

Then the great poet, like Timotheus in
Dryden's justly famous ode, "changed
his hand and checked his pride," and
ends his poem in these slow, tender
elegiac stanzas—

"Alas! the fervent harper did not know,
That for a tranquil soul the lay was
framed,
Who, long compelled in humble walks to go,
Was softened into feeling, soothed, and
tamed.

"Love had he found in huts where poor men
lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and
rills,
The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills."

Some of you may know the lines I
next give you from the poem on the

Wye; but if you do, you will forgive me
for reminding you of them, and for re-
minding others that they were published
in 1795, twenty-three years before the
publication of the later cantos of "Childe
Harold," which are so much indebted to
this and to other poems of that writer
whom in his baser moods Lord Byron
used to affect to despise:—

"I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am
I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize,
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being."

One more passage I give you from one
of his less-known, though, I think, one
of his greatest poems, the "Prelude." It
is a description of a pass in the Alps:—

"The immeasurable height
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,
And in the narrow rent at every turn
Winds thwarting winds, bewildered and forlorn,
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,
Black drizzling crags that spake by the way-
side,

As if a voice were in them, the sick sight
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,
The unfettered clouds and region of the
heavens,

Tumult and peace, the darkness and the
light—

Were all like workings of one mind, the
features

Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree;
Characters of the great Apocalypse,
The types and symbols of Eternity,
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end."

In these passages the natural images
are grand and large, but it is his cha-
racteristic that he can draw the noblest

lessons from the humblest objects. "To me," he says, "the meanest flower that blows can give

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Two passages I will give you to exhibit these characteristics. The first I take on purpose from the much-laughed-at Peter Bell :—

"He roved among the vales and streams,
In the greenwood and hollow dell;
They were his dwellings night and day,—
But nature ne'er could find the way
Into the heart of Peter Bell.

"In vain, through every changeful year,
Did Nature lead him as before;
A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

"Small change it made in Peter's heart
To see his gentle panniered train
With more than vernal pleasure feeding
Where'er the tender grass was leading
Its earliest green along the lane.

"In vain, through water, earth, and air,
The soul of happy sound was spread,
When Peter on some April morn,
Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

"At noon, when, by the forest's edge
He lay beneath the branches high,
The soft blue sky did never melt
Into his heart; he never felt
The witchery of the soft blue sky!

"On a fair prospect some have looked
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away."

The last passages on this subject I give you are from the "Prelude." Nothing can be simpler, yet, unless I altogether deceive myself, few things in literature nobler or greater, than these lines. The first passage describes his coming home with his brother from school to find his father dying; and in a few days his father died :—

"There rose a crag,
That, from the meeting point of two highways
Ascending, overlooked them both, far-stretched;
Thither, uncertain on which road to fix
My expectation, thither I repaired,
Scout-like, and gained the summit; 'twas a day
Tempestuous, dark, and wild, and on the grass
I sate, half sheltered by a naked wall;
Upon my right hand crouched a single sheep,
Upon my left a blasted hawthorn stood;
With those companions at my side, I watched,
Straining my eyes intensely, as the mist

Gave intermitting prospect of the copse
And plain beneath. Ere we to school returned,
That dreary time—ere we had been ten days
Sojourners in my father's house—he died,
And I and my three brothers, orphans then,
Followed his body to the grave. The event,
With all the sorrow that it brought, appeared
A chastisement; and when I called to mind
That day so lately past, when from the crag
I looked in such anxiety of hope;
With trite reflections of morality,
Yet, in the deepest passion, I bowed low
To God, Who thus corrected my desires;
And afterwards the wind and sleety rain,
And all the business of the elements,
The single sheep, and the one blasted tree,
And the bleak music from that old stone wall,
The noise of wood and water, and the mist
That on the line of each of those two roads,
Advanced in such indisputable shapes;
All these were kindred spectacles and sounds
To which I oft repaired, and thence would
drink,

As at a fountain: and on winter nights,
Down to this very time, when storm and rain
Beat on my roof, or, haply, at noon-day,
While in a grove I walk, whose lofty trees,
Laden with summer's thickest foliage, rock,
In a strong wind, some working of the spirit,
Some inward agitations thence are brought,
Whate'er their office, whether to beguile
Thoughts over-busy in the course they took,
Or animate an hour of vacant ease."

The last which I will add is in every way a most characteristic passage. The incident is the simplest possible, yet it is told with an imaginative power and with a splendour of language which invest it with a noble interest, and the effect of the incident upon the heart and mind of the boy is described as no one but Wordsworth could describe it :—

"One summer evening (led by her) I found
A little boat tied to a willow tree
Within a rocky cave, its usual home.
Straight I unloosed her chain, and stepping in
Pushed from the shore. It was an act of
stealth
And troubled pleasure, nor without the voice
Of mountain echoes did my boat move on
Leaving behind her still, on either side,
Small circles glittering idly in the moon,
Until they melted all into one track
Of sparkling light. But now, like one who
rows,
Proud of his skill, to reach a chosen point
With an unswerving line, I fixed my view
Upon the summit of a craggy ridge,
The horizon's utmost boundary; far above
Was nothing but the stars and the gray sky.
She was an elfin pinnace; lustily
I dipped my oars into the silent lake,
And, as I rose upon the stroke, my boat
Went heaving through the water like a swan;
When, from behind that craggy steep till then

The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
 As if with voluntary power instinct
 Upreared its head. I struck and struck
 again,
 And growing still in stature the grim shape
 Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
 For so it seemed, with purpose of its own
 And measured motion like a living thing,
 Strode after me. With trembling oars I
 turned,
 And through the silent water stole my way
 Back to the covert of the willow tree;
 There in her mooring-place I left my bark,
 And through the meadows homeward went,
 in grave
 And serious mood; but after I had seen
 That spectacle, for many days, my brain
 Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
 Of unknown modes of being; o'er my
 thoughts
 There hung a darkness, call it solitude
 Or blank desertion. No familiar shapes
 Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
 Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields;
 But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
 Like living men, moved slowly through the
 mind
 By day, and were a trouble to my dreams."

I could multiply passages endlessly with delight to myself, but most likely with weariness to you; but I must pass on to other great characteristics of Wordsworth's teaching. No man has so steadily asserted the dignity of virtue, of simplicity, of independence, wherever found, and quite apart from all external ornaments. He has chosen a pedlar for the chief character of his largest poem, and invested him quite naturally with a greatness of mind and character—fitting him to play the lofty part assigned him in the "Excursion." In the poem called "Resolution and Independence," the interest turns upon the simple, steady resolution of an old leech-gatherer, who pursues his trade in extreme old age about the lonely moors, and the strength and consolation which came to the poet in a wayward melancholy mood from the sight of this brave old man, and the thought of his firmness and perseverance. The poem is full of famous lines which most of us are familiar with:—

"Motionless as a cloud the old man stood,
 That heareth not the loud winds when they
 call:
 And moveth all together, if it move at all."

Again:—

"The fear that kills;
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed;
 Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills;
 And mighty Poets in their misery dead."

"Chatterton, the marvellous boy,
 The sleepless soul that perished in his pride;"
 and many more. And it ends with the fine moral:—

"And when he ended,
 I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
 In that decrepit man so firm a mind.
 'God,' said I, 'be my help and stay secure;
 I'll think of the leech-gatherer on the lonely
 moor!'"

"Well," said a friend of mine, a disbeliever in Wordsworth, "there are very fine lines, no doubt, in that poem; but think of any man writing all that about a poor old leech-gatherer." Yes, it is all about a poor old leech-gatherer! Because Wordsworth goes to the heart of things, and not to their outsides, to the soul of man, and not his body; and because a pauper, if resolute and high-minded, is far more interesting and admirable to him than a duke of twenty descents who is nothing but a duke. Two of his most beautiful and lofty poems are "Michael" and "The Brothers;" indeed, if I were to select a single poem which conveys in my judgement the greatest feeling of Wordsworth's power, I should select "Michael." But in these, and in the story of "Margaret," and in the series of narratives in the books in the "Excursion," entitled "The Churchyard among the Mountains," the characters are all of humble life; the stories are the simplest; and yet the moral dignity—I might even, without extravagance, say the moral majesty—with which he invests his characters, is as much without a parallel as the absorbing interest and deep pathos which his imagination clothing itself in the language of moderation and reserve throws around his quiet themes. Now and then, not often, he bursts into an open condemnation of worldly conventions; and when he does, not Milton himself is grander or more severe. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting the passage in which (I should suppose very justly) he speaks of the University life of his day as he saw it at Cambridge:—

"All degrees
And shapes of spurious fame and short-lived
praise;

Here sate in state, and fed with daily alms
Retainers won away from solid good;
And here was Labour his own bond slave;

Hope,
That never set the pains against the prize;
Idleness halting with his weary clog;
And poor misguided Shame, and witless Fear,
And simple Pleasure foraging for Death;
Honour misplaced, and Dignity astray;
Feuds, Factions, Flatteries, Enmity, and Guile,
Murmuring Submission, and bald Government,
(The idol weak as the idolator,)
And Decency and Custom starving Truth,
And blind Authority beating with his staff
The child who might have led him; Emptiness
Followed as of good omen, and meek Worth
Left to herself unheard of and unknown."

It is a natural accompaniment of such
feeling as this passage portrays, that
he should have had a keen sense of the
littleness of our mere personal life.
Personal talk of all sorts, gossip, per-
sonality, party politics, the strife of
law-courts, the ceaseless toil of money-
making; all these things seemed to him
unutterably small:—

"Among your tribe,
Our daily world's true worldlings, rank not me!
Children are blest, and powerful; their world
lies
More justly balanced; partly at their feet,
And part far from them: sweetest melodies
Are those that are by distance made more
sweet;

Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,
He is a slave; the meanest we can meet!"

Elsewhere he breaks out in that magni-
ficent strain:—

"The world is too much with us: late and
soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our
powers:

Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away—a sordid
boon!

The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping
flowers;

For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;

So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less
forlorn;

Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed
horn."

But though he thought so little of

individual life, he is never weary of
insisting on the greatness and majesty
of the free life of a nation. He was an
Englishman to the heart's core, if ever
there lived one; his heart glowed his
whole life long with the undying fire of
a devoted patriotism. He lived, too, at a
time when the liberties of England; nay,
when her very existence as a nation was
in real danger from the enormous power
wielded against her by Napoleon Bona-
parte, directed by his genius, the greatest
military genius of modern time. For a
while England was left without a single
European ally to fight single-handed
against his gigantic military despotism.
Those were days in which invasion
seemed possible, and in which at least
it was seriously threatened. The whole
series of his sonnets on Liberty and
Independence, and several of his odes
and other poems, are examples of the
high spirit in which he met those times,
and the temper he desired to inspire
into his countrymen:—

"It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwith-
stood:'

Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the cheek of salutary bands,
That this most famous Stream in bogs and
sands

Should perish, and to evil and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armour of the invincible knights of old;
We must be free or die, who speak the
tongue

That Shakspeare spake the faith and morals
hold

Which Milton held.—In everything we are
sprung

Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

In reading you his poem to the Men
of Kent, I should remind you that the
"Men of Kent" is a technical expres-
sion for the inhabitants of that part of
Kent whose ancestors were never con-
quered by the Norman Conqueror, and
who obtained from him at the time of
the Conquest the confirmation of their
charters and liberties. To them he ad-
dressed this noble music:—

"Vanguard of liberty, ye men of Kent!
Ye children of a soil that doth advance
Her haughty brow against the coast of
France,

Now is the time to prove your hardiment !
 To France be words of invitation sent !
 They from their fields can see the countenance
 Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance,
 And hear you shouting forth your brave intent.
 Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,
 Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath ;
 Confirmed the charters that were yours before—
 No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath ;
 We all are with you now from shore to shore :—
 Ye men of Kent, 'tis Victory or Death ! ”

Two more of these trumpet-calls of the old patriot-poet, and I pass on. The first is addressed to Milton :—

“ Milton ! thou should'st be living at this hour :
 England hath need of thee : She is a fen
 Of stagnant waters ; altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;
 Oh ! raise us up, return to us again ;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart :
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.”

The last I will trouble you with is called “ A Briton's Thought on the Subjugation of Switzerland,” when the armies of Bonaparte overran that country and crushed the Republics, and England alone was left unconquered :—

“ Two Voices are there ; one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains ; each a mighty Voice ;
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
 Then cleave, oh cleave to that which still is left ;
 For, high-souled maid, what sorrow would it be
 That mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by thee ! ”

Such was the stern and lofty teaching of this great man in the days of the first Napoleon. If he had lived in the days of the Third Napoleon, and had seen the *coup d'état*, the massacres of Paris, the deportations to Cayenne, the seizure of Savoy, the proposed spoliation of Belgium, by the man whom it is the fashion to call the faithful ally of England, he would have rebuked the English worshippers of the nephew as he did those of the far greater uncle :—

“ Never may from our souls one truth depart,
 That an accursed thing it is to gaze
 On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye.”

You would expect to find, and it is the fact, that a writer who rings so true on public matters would be full of a sound and healthy spirit on all moral or social subjects. No paltering with morality, no apology for profligacy and crime, no exalting of selfish passion into heroic virtue, is to be found in Wordsworth. It was said of Virgil (and it was said, with perhaps one doubtful exception, with perfect truth) that he was a sacred poet. It was said of Wordsworth with undoubted truth, by Mr. Keble, whose authority on such a question no man will challenge. I need not cite the “ Ode to Duty ” nor any special poem in proof of its truth. A pure life, an habitual self-control, a deep reverence for God and for His Son, a memory unburdened with remorse—these are the elements of happiness as Wordsworth viewed it, and as all his poems describe it :—

“ O that our lives, which flee so fast,
 In purity were such,
 That not an image of the past,
 Should fear that pencil's touch !
 Retirement, then, might hourly look
 Upon a soothing scene,
 Age steal to his allotted nook,
 Contented and serene ;
 With heart as calm as lakes that sleep
 In frosty moonlight glistening ;
 Or mountain rivers, where they creep,
 Along a channel smooth and deep,
 To their own far-off murmurs listening.”

I have left myself no time to speak of the beauties of Wordsworth, of his grace, of his melody, of the perfection of his style, of the splendour of his lyrics, of his grand imagination, of that

sublimity which he displays when, in the fine language of Mr. Landor (who personally disliked him), "he shakes the earth aside, and soars steadily into the empyrean." The book of the "Excursion" entitled "Despondency Corrected," the "Ode on Immortality," "Laodamia," "Dion," "Lycoris," "The Triad," "The River Duddon," besides a whole catalogue of smaller poems; these seem to me each in its way, and their ways are very different, as perfect as any poems in the English language. I must leave these things to you. If you will only read them, you may think that I exaggerate perhaps; but I am perfectly certain that you will thank me for the introduction, that you will wonder such poems should have been unknown to you, and that the more you read them, the more admirable and consummate they will appear to you merely as poems.

In selecting the passages which I have read to you, I have been, of set purpose, guided rather by the lessons which they teach, than by the mere beauty of the language in which the lessons are conveyed. Poems such as you would find in a book of Wordsworth's "Beauties," I have purposely left unquoted. But imperfect and inadequate as this paper is, it would be even still less adequate if I did not quote one passage in illustration of Wordsworth's exquisite felicity of diction and absolute perfection of metre, when the occasion is one for the display of these qualities. I will read you the description from the "White Doe of Rylstone," of the first coming in of the Doe and her lying down by Francis Norton's grave. I put it before you as a piece of English metre worthy of the very greatest of English metrists, of Ben Jonson, of Gray, of Shelley, (why should I hesitate to say?) of Coleridge:—

"A moment ends the fervent din,
And all is hushed, without and within;
For though the priest, more tranquilly,
Recites the holy liturgy,
The only voice which you can hear
Is the river murmuring near.
When soft!—the dusky trees between,
And down the path through the open green,
Where is no living thing to be seen;
And through yon gateway, where is found,
Beneath the arch with ivy bound,
Free entrance to the churchyard ground;

And right across the verdant sod
Towards the very House of God;
Comes gliding in with lovely gleam,
Comes gliding in serene and slow,
Soft and silent as a dream,
A solitary Doe!
White she is as lily of June,
And beauteous as the silver moon
When out of sight the clouds are driven
And she is left alone in heaven;
Or like a ship some gentle day
In sunshine sailing far away,
A glittering ship, that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain.

"Lie silent in your graves, ye dead!
Lie quiet in your churchyard bed!
Ye living, tend your holy cares;
Ye multitude, pursue your prayers;
And blame not me if my heart and sight
Are occupied with one delight!
'Tis a work for Sabbath hours
If I with this bright creature go:
Whether she be of forest bowers,
From the bowers of earth below;
Or a spirit, for one day given,
A pledge of grace from purest heaven.

"What harmonious pensive changes
Wait upon her as she ranges
Round and through this pile of state
Overthrown and desolate!
Now a step or two her way
Leads through space of open day,
Where the enamoured sunny light
Brightens her that was so bright;
Now doth a delicate shadow fall,
Falls upon her like a breath,
From some lofty arch or wall,
As she passes underneath:
Now some gloomy nook partakes
Of the glory that she makes,—
High-ribbed vault of stone, or cell,
With perfect cunning framed as well
Of stone, and ivy, and the spread
Of the elder's bushy head;
Some jealous and forbidding cell,
That doth the living stars repel,
And where no flower hath leave to dwell.

"The presence of this wandering Doe
Fills many a damp obscure recess
With lustre of a saintly show;
And, re-appearing, she no less
Sheds on the flowers that round her grow
A more than sunny liveliness.
But say, among these holy places,
Which thus assiduously she paces,
Comes she with a votary's task,
Rite to perform, or boon to ask?
Fair Pilgrim! harbours she a sense
Of sorrow, or of reverence?
Can she be grieved for quire or shrine,
Crushed as if by wrath divine?
For what survives of House where God
Was worshipped, or where man abode;
For old magnificence undone;
Or for the gentler work begun
By Nature, softening and concealing,

And busy with a hand of healing?
 Mourns she for lordly chamber's hearth
 That to the sapling ash gives birth;
 For dormitory's length laid bare,
 Where the wild rose blossoms fair;
 Or altar, whence the Cross was rent,
 Now rich with mossy ornament?—
 She sees a warrior carved in stone,
 Among the thick weeds, stretched alone;
 A warrior, with his shield of pride
 Cleaving humbly to his side,
 And hands in resignation prest
 Palm to palm, on his tranquil breast;—
 As little she regards the sight
 As a common creature might;
 If she be doomed to inward care,
 Or service, it must lie elsewhere.
 —But hers are eyes serenely bright,
 And on she moves—with pace how light!
 Nor spares to stoop her head, and taste
 The dewy turf with flowers bestrown;
 And thus she fares, until at last
 Beside the ridge of a grassy grave
 In quietness she lays her down;
 Gentle as a weary wave
 Sinks, when the summer breeze hath died,
 Against an anchored vessel's side;
 Even so, without distress, doth she
 Lie down in peace, and lovingly."

You will observe, I hope, that I have tried to keep steadily in view the object with which I began; to show the use of Wordsworth, his practical value to us, the practical advantage we may derive from him, the gratitude we owe him. I have kept therefore, almost entirely, to some points only in his literary and moral character such as were most germane to the subject, and most relevant to my purpose. One only I will farther deal with here. It has been said (I must think by those who have not read him, and who do not know what they are talking about) that he is a cold and heartless writer. I do not know, on the contrary, a writer more full of love—not passion—or more exquisitely tender. If a man can read "Michael," and "The Brothers," and "Margaret," and "Ellen," and many others, with unfaltering voice and unmoistened eyes, he must either have great self-command or little feeling. And to me the pathos of Wordsworth is like the sweetness of Michael Angelo. As the sweetness of Michael Angelo is sweeter than that of other men, because of his strength, so the pathos of Wordsworth is the more moving because of the calmness and

reserve and self-restraint with which it is always clothed. Of his tenderness, all the poems to "Lucy" are surely unanswerable examples: but on personal subjects he is always tender; and I do not know more tender poems than those addressed to a friend whose manner had changed to him, and those to his wife's picture, written, too, when he was a very old man. They are short, and they are the last which I will read:—

"There is a change—and I am poor;
 Your love hath been, not long ago,
 A fountain at my fond heart's door,
 Whose only business was to flow;
 And flow it did; not taking heed
 Of its own bounty, or my need.
 "What happy moments did I count!
 Blest was I then all bliss above!
 Now, for that consecrated fount
 Of murmuring, sparkling, living love
 What have I? shall I dare to tell?
 A comfortless and hidden well.
 "A well of love—it may be deep—
 I trust it is,—and never dry—
 What matter? if the waters sleep
 In silence and obscurity.
 Such change, and at the very door
 Of my fond heart, hath made me poor."

Let me end my extracts with the poems upon his wife's picture, the poems of a man old in years indeed, for he was seventy-three when he wrote them, but young in heart and genius. They are entitled "To a Painter":—

"All praise the likeness by thy skill portrayed;
 But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,
 Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,
 By the habitual light of memory see
 Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,
 And smiles that from their birthplace ne'er shall flee
 Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be;
 And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead.
 Couldst thou go back into far distant years,
 Or share with me, fond thought! that inward eye,
 Then, and then only, Painter! could thy art
 The visual powers of nature satisfy,
 Which hold, what'e'er to common sight appears,
 Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart.
 "Though I beheld at first with blank surprise
 This work, I now have gazed on it so long
 I see its truth with unreluctant eyes;
 O, my beloved! I have done thee wrong!
 Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung
 Ever too heedless, as I now perceive:

Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
 And the old day was welcome as the young,
 As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
 More beautiful, as being a thing more holy.
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
 Of all thy goodness, never melancholy;
 To thy large heart and humble mind, that
 Into one vision, future, present, past.”

Now I will assume that you think I have made out some case for the power, the beauty, the genius of Wordsworth's poems. What is the value of them? They seem to me, at the least and at the lowest, to give an intellectual pleasure which is at once innocent and ennobling. They will create in those who master them a sympathy with loftiness of character and purity of soul; and they will teach high and independent principles of judgement to be applied in life to all things and all people. Is this kind of thing worth study? Is fine art, is great literature, is intellectual cultivation of the value, have they each and all the merit which their advocates maintain they have? We have lived to hear this disputed, and it is worth while for a moment to see, if we can, what in this matter the truth really is. A great statesman, the other day, said that the violin and all that proceeded from it was as great an effort of the mere intellect as the steam-engine. "What," it was immediately replied by a man of very high rank, "what have all the men who have scraped for 300 years on squeaking strings done for mankind compared to one steam-engine?" That depends on what is meant by the words "done for mankind." I can hardly suppose that it was meant to be implied that there is no good in music, that mankind would have been just as well off if Mozart and Beethoven had never lived, that Handel is nonsense, and Haydn stuff:—

"Since nought so stockish hard and full of
 rage,
 But music for the time doth change his
 nature;
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet
 sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus—
 Let no such man be trusted."

So says Shakspeare; but, to be sure, he was a mere poet. "To many men," says another great man, "the very names which the science of music employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, and of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that those mysterious strivings of the heart and keen emotions and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes and begins and ends in itself? It is not so. It cannot be. No. They have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our home; they are the voices of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine governance or the Divine attributes. Something are they besides themselves which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter, though mortal man—and he, perhaps, not otherwise distinguished above his fellows—has the power of eliciting them."

This eloquent passage of Dr. Newman may appear to some men extravagant, but not a whit more so than the passage about the squeaking strings appears to others. The truth is, that there is no use in these attempts to compare as to results things which in their nature do not admit of comparison. It is no doubt quite true that you can learn a great deal of a certain kind, from studying a collection of well-drawn engineering specifications, which you would never learn from reading Wordsworth; but it is also true that you can learn a great deal of a certain other kind from reading Wordsworth which you could never learn from all the specifications in the world. Rhetorical antitheses of this kind are really very misleading, and sometimes very mischievous.

We have heard, for example, a distinguished man say that he would rather see England free than sober. Well, but where is the natural oppugnancy between freedom and sobriety? Is it impossible to be at once temperate and free? Is drunkenness necessary to avoid slavery? If not, such phrases as suggest the contrary do infinite mischief. So, again, it is often said, it is better to be religious than orthodox. Well, but is it impossible to be both? Is acquiescence in authority in matters of opinion consistent only with coldness of devotion or laxity of life? So, again, you may hear it said, that an acquaintance with natural science is of far more value than a knowledge of history, or than the cultivation of the imagination; and that a great many things are much better than a great many other things. What then? All this is surely very narrow. There is room enough in the world, and in the infinite variety of mankind, for all pursuits, and all kinds of study and education. When I or anyone else of common sense insist on the importance of any particular subject, of course it is not meant that there is nothing else important in the world. All things have their place; and it is the narrow and weak mind only which denies its place to a subject because the particular mind happens not to care for it or understand it. Those, for example, if any such there really be, who can see nothing, and who deny that there is anything at all in music, are to be sincerely pitied, either as men of narrow and half-educated minds, or because it has pleased God to deny them a sense which has been granted to their more richly-gifted fellows. Those, too, who can see nothing at all, and who therefore deny that there is anything at all, in poetry and other works of imagination, and who can derive therefrom no profit and no instruction whatever, are no doubt entitled to their opinions; but they must bear to be told that they are no judges of what they have been denied the faculties for under-

standing, and that to us they seem very poor and imperfect creatures, and objects not certainly of scorn, but of wonder and of compassion.

It is said that Wolfe, when just about to scale the Heights of Abraham and win the battle which has immortalized his name, quoted, with deep feeling and glowing eulogy, some of the stanzas of Gray's *Elegy*. Stories implying the same sort of mind are told of that noble soldier, Sir John Moore. In such minds as theirs the practical and the imaginative could both find room, and they were none the worse, perhaps they were the better soldiers, because they were men of cultivated intellects. And this is really what I maintain; that in sense and reason each study has its place and its function. I do not underrate science, nor decri invention, because I advocate the study of a great and high-minded writer, any more than because I insist upon the study of Wordsworth I forget that Homer and Virgil, and Dante and Shakspere, and Milton, are yet greater than he, and yet more worthy study.

All I say is, that I have found Wordsworth do me good; and I have tried to explain why, and to suggest that other men might find him do them good also. A book is a friend, and ought to be so regarded. Those are to be pitied who have bad friends, and who pass their lives in bad company. Those are to be envied who have good friends, and who can value them according to the measure of their desert, and use them as they ought. And what is true of living friends is true in yet higher measure of those dead and silent friends, our books. I am very sure that you will find Wordsworth a good friend, if you try him; that the more you know him, the better you will love him; the longer you live, the stronger will be the ties which bind you to his side. He is like one of his own mountains, in whose shadow you may sit, and whose heights you may scale, sure that you will always return therefrom strengthened in mind and purified in heart.

A PRINCESS OF THULE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHAETON," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

BY THE WATERS OF BABYLON.

IF Frank Lavender had been told that his love for his wife was in danger of waning, he would have laughed the suggestion to scorn. He was as fond of her and as proud of her as ever. Who knew as well as himself the tenderness of her heart, the proud sensitiveness of her conscience, the generosity of self-sacrifice she was always ready to bestow; and was he likely to become blind, so that he should fail to see how fair, and fearless, and handsome she was? Nothing was too good for her. He was recklessly extravagant in buying her jewellery, dresses, and what not; and she was abundantly grateful. Nor had he relinquished those wild dreams of future renown which was to be consecrated all to her. He would make the name and the fame of Sheila known to all the world, not for his own sake, but that she might be pleased. He had been disappointed, it is true, in his fancies about the impression she would produce on his friends; but what a trifle was that! The folly of those fancies was his own. For the rest, he was glad that Sheila was not so different from the other women whom he knew. He hit upon the profound reflection, as he sat alone in his studio, that a man's wife, like his costume, should not be so remarkable as to attract attention. The perfection of dress was that you should be unconscious of its presence: might that not be so with marriage? After all, it was better that he had not bound himself to lug about a lion whenever he visited people's houses.

Still, there was something. He found himself a good deal alone. Sheila did

not seem to care much for going into society; and although he did not greatly like the notion of going by himself, nevertheless one had certain duties towards one's friends to perform. She did not even care to go down to the Park of a forenoon. She always professed her readiness to go; but he fancied it was a trifle tiresome for her; and so, when there was nothing particular going on in the studio, he would walk down through Kensington Gardens himself, and have a chat with some friends, followed generally by luncheon with this or the other party of them. Sheila had been taught that she ought not to come so frequently to that studio. Bras would not lie quiet. Moreover, if dealers or other strangers should come in, would they not take her for a model? So Sheila stayed at home; and Mr. Lavender, after having dressed with care in the morning—with very singular care, indeed, considering that he was going to his work—used to go down to his studio to smoke a cigarette. The chances were that he was not in a humour for working. Those dreams of a great renown which he was to win for Sheila's sake were too vast, remote, and impalpable to be fastened down to any square bit of canvas. He would sit down in an easy-chair, and kick his heels on the floor for a time, watching perhaps the sunlight come in through the upper part of the windows and paint yellow squares on the opposite wall. Then he would go out and lock the door behind him; leaving no message whatever for those crowds of importunate dealers who, as Sheila fancied, were besieging him with offers in one hand and purses of gold in the other.

One morning, after she had been in-

doors for two or three days, and had grown hopelessly tired of the monotony of watching that sunlit square, she was filled with an unconquerable longing to go away, for however brief a space, from the sight of houses. The morning was sweet, and clear, and bright; white clouds were slowly crossing a fair blue sky; and a fresh and cool breeze was blowing in at the open French windows.

"Bras," she said, going downstairs, and out into the small garden, "we are going into the country."

The great deer-hound seemed to know; and rose and came to her with great gravity, while she clasped on the leash. He was no frisky animal to show his delight by yelping and gambolling; but he laid his long nose in her hand, and slowly wagged the down-drooping curve of his shaggy tail; and then he placidly walked by her side up into the hall, where he stood awaiting her.

She would go along and beg of her husband to leave his work for a day, and go with her for a walk down to Richmond Park. She had often heard Mr. Ingram speak of walking down; and she remembered that much of the road was pretty. Why should not her husband have one holiday?

"It is such a shame," she had said to him that morning, as he left, "that you will be going into that gloomy place, with its bare walls and chairs, and the windows so that you cannot see out of them."

"I must get some work done somehow, Sheila," he said; although he did not tell her that he had not finished a picture since his marriage.

"I wish I could do some of it for you," she said.

"You! All the work you're good for is catching fish, and feeding ducks, and hauling up sails. Why don't you come down and feed the ducks in the Serpentine?"

"I should like to do that," she answered. "I will go any day with you."

"Well," he said, "you see, I don't know until I get along to the studio whether I can get away for the forenoon;

and then, if I were to come back here, you would have little or no time to dress. Good-bye, Sheila."

"Good-bye," she had said to him, giving up the Serpentine without much regret.

But the forenoon had turned out so delightful that she thought she would go along to the studio, and hale him out of that gaunt and dingy apartment. She should take him away from town; therefore she might put on that rough blue dress in which she used to go boating in Loch Roag. She had lately smartened it up a bit with some white braid; and she hoped he would approve.

Did the big hound know the dress? He rubbed his head against her arm and hand when she came down; and looked up, and whined almost inaudibly.

"You are going out, Bras; and you must be a good dog, and not try to go after the deer. Then I will send a very good story of you to Mairi; and when she comes to London, after the harvest is over, she will bring you a present from the Lewis, and you will be very proud."

She went out into the square, and was perhaps a little glad to get away from it, as she was not sure of the blue dress and the small hat with its seagull's feather being precisely the costume she ought to wear. When she got into the Uxbridge Road, she breathed more freely; and in the lightness of her heart she continued her conversation with Bras, giving that attentive animal a vast amount of information, partly in English, partly in Gaelic, which he answered only by a low whine or a shake of his shaggy head.

But these confidences were suddenly interrupted. She had got down to Addison Terrace, and was contentedly looking at the trees and chatting to the dog, when by accident her eye happened to light on a brougham that was driving past. In it—she beheld them both clearly for a brief second—were her husband and Mrs. Lorraine, engaged in conversation, so that neither of them saw her. Sheila stood on the pavement for a couple of minutes, absolutely

bewildered. All sorts of wild fancies and recollections came crowding in upon her—reasons why her husband was unwilling that she should visit his studio—why Mrs. Lorraine never called on her—and so forth, and so forth. She did not know what to think for a time; but presently all this tumult was stilled, and she had bravely resolved her doubts and made up her mind as to what she should do. She could not suspect her husband—that was the one sweet security to which she clung. He had made use of no duplicity; if there was anything wrong—and perhaps she committed a great injustice in even imagining such a possibility—he, at least, was certainly not in fault. And if this Mrs. Lorraine should amuse him, and interest him, who could grudge him this break in the monotony of his work? Sheila knew that she herself disliked going to those fashionable gatherings to which Mrs. Lorraine went, and to which Lavender had been accustomed to go before he was married. How could she expect him to give up all his old habits and pleasures for her sake? She would be more reasonable and more generous. It was her own fault that she was not a better companion for him; and was it for her, then, to think hardly of him because he went to the Park with a friend instead of going alone?

Yet there was a great bitterness and grief in her heart as she turned and walked on. She spoke no more to the deer-hound by her side. There seemed to be less sunlight in the air; and the people and carriages passing were hardly so busy, and cheerful, and interesting as they had been. But all the same, she would go to Richmond Park, and by herself: for what was the use of calling in at the studio; and how could she go back home and sit in the house, knowing that her husband was away at some flower-show, or morning-concert, or some such thing, with that young American lady?

She knew no other road to Richmond than that by which they had driven shortly after her arrival in London; and so it was that she went down and

over Hammersmith Bridge, and round by Mortlake, and so on by East Sheen. The road seemed terribly long. She was an excellent walker, and, in ordinary circumstances, would have done the distance without fatigue; but when at length she saw the gates of the park before her, she was at once exceedingly tired, and almost faint from hunger. Here was the hotel in which they had dined; should she enter? The place seemed very grand and forbidding: she had scarcely even looked at it as she went up the steps with her husband by her side. However, she would venture; and accordingly she went up and into the vestibule, looking rather timidly about. A young gentleman, apparently not a waiter, approached her, and seemed to wait for her to speak. It was a terrible moment. What was she to ask for, and could she ask it of this young man? Fortunately he spoke first, and asked her if she wished to go into the coffee-room, and if she expected anyone.

"No, I do not expect anyone," she said, and she knew that he would perceive the peculiarity of her accent, "but if you will be kind enough to tell me where I may have a biscuit——"

It occurred to her that to go into the Star and Garter for a biscuit was absurd; and she added, wildly—

"——or anything to eat."

The young man obviously regarded her with some surprise: but he was very courteous, and showed her into the coffee-room, and called a waiter to her. Moreover, he gave permission for Bras to be admitted into the room, Sheila promising that he would lie under the table and not budge an inch. Then she looked round. There were only three persons in the room; one an old lady seated by herself in a far corner, the other two being a couple of young folks too much engrossed with each other to mind anyone else. She began to feel more at home. The waiter suggested various things for lunch; and she made her choice of something cold. Then she mustered up courage to ask for a glass of sherry. How she would have enjoyed all this as a story to tell to her

husband but for that incident of the morning! She would have gloried in her outward bravery; and made him smile with a description of her inward terror. She would have written about it to the old King of Borva, and bid him consider how she had been transformed, and what strange scenes Bras was now witnessing. But all that was over. She felt as if she could no longer ask her husband to be amused by her childish experiences; and as for writing to her father, she dared not write to him in her present mood. Perhaps some happier time would come. Sheila paid her bill. She had heard her husband and Mr. Ingram talk about tipping waiters, and knew that she ought to give something to the man who had attended on her. But how much? He was a very august-looking person, with formally-cut whiskers, and a severe expression of face. When he had brought back the change to her she timidly selected a half-crown, and offered it to him. There was a little glance of surprise; she feared she had not given him enough. Then he said "Thank you!" in a vague and distant fashion, and she was sure she had not given him enough. But it was too late. Bras was summoned from beneath the table; and again she went out into the fresh air.

"Oh, my good dog!" she said to him, as they together walked up to the gates and into the park, "this is a very extravagant country. You have to pay half-a-crown to a servant for bringing you a piece of cold pie, and then he looks as if he was not paid enough. And Duncan, who will do everything about the house, and will give us all our dinners, it is only a pound a week he will get, and Scarlett has to be kept out of that. And wouldn't you like to see poor old Scarlett again?"

Bras whined as if he understood every word.

"I suppose now she is hanging out the washing on the gooseberry bushes, and you know the song she always used to sing then? Don't you know that Scarlett carried me about, long before you were born, for you are a mere

infant compared with me, and she used to sing to me—

*'Ged' bheirte mi' bho'n bhas so,
Mho Sheila bheag dg!'*

And that is what she is singing just now; and Mairi she is bringing the things out of the washing-house. Papa he is over in Stornoway this morning, arranging his accounts with the people there, and perhaps he is down at the quay, looking at the *Clansman*, and wondering when she is to bring me into the harbour. Ah—h! You bad dog!"

Bras had forgotten to listen to his mistress in the excitement of seeing in the distance a large herd of deer under certain trees. She felt by the leash that he was trembling in every limb with expectation, and straining hard on the collar. Again and again she admonished him—in vain; until she had at last to drag him away down the hill, putting a small plantation between him and the herd. Here she found a large, umbrageous chestnut-tree, with a wooden seat round its trunk, and so she sat down in the green twilight of the leaves, while Bras came and put his head in her lap. Out beyond the shadow of the tree all the world lay bathed in sunlight; and a great silence brooded over the long undulations of the park, where not a human being was within sight. How strange it was, she fell to thinking, that within a short distance there were millions of men and women, while here she was absolutely alone. Did they not care, then, for the sunlight, and the trees, and the sweet air? Were they so wrapped up in those social observances that seemed to her so barren of interest?

"They have a beautiful country here," she said, talking in a rambling and wistful way to Bras, and scarcely noticing the eager light in his eyes, as if he were trying to understand. "They have no rain, and no fog; almost always blue skies, and the clouds high up and far away. And the beautiful trees they have too—you never saw anything like that in the Lewis—not even at Stornoway. And the people are so rich, and beautiful in their dress, and all the day

they have only to think how to enjoy themselves, and what new amusement is for the morrow. But I think they are tired of having nothing to do—or perhaps, you know, they are tired because they have nothing to fight against—no hard weather, and hunger, and poverty. They do not care for each other as they would if they were working on the same farm, and trying to save up for the winter; or if they were going out to the fishing, and very glad to come home again from Caithness to find all the old people very well, and the young ones ready for a dance, and a dram, and much joking and laughing and telling of stories. It is a very great difference there will be in the people—very great.”

She rose, and looked wistfully around her, and then turned with a sigh to make her way to the gates. It was with no especial sort of gladness that she thought of returning home. Here, in the great stillness, she had been able to dream of the far island which she knew, and to fancy herself for a few minutes there; now she was going back to the dreary monotony of her life in that square, and to the doubts and anxieties which had been suggested to her in the morning. The world she was about to enter once more seemed so much less homely, so much less full of interest and purpose, than that other and distant world she had been wistfully regarding for a time. The people around her had neither the joys nor the sorrows with which she had been taught to sympathise. Their cares seemed to her to be exaggerations of trifles; she could feel no pity for them, their satisfaction was derived from sources unintelligible to her. And the social atmosphere around her seemed still, and close, and suffocating; so that she was like to cry out at times for one breath of God's clear wind—for a shaft of lightning even—to cut through the sultry and drowsy sameness of her life.

She had almost forgotten the dog by her side. While sitting under the chestnut she had carelessly and loosely wound the leash round his neck, in the sem-

blance of a collar; and when she rose and came away, she let the dog walk by her side without undoing the leash and taking proper charge of him. She was thinking of far other things, indeed, when she was startled by some one calling to her—

“Look out, Miss, or you'll have your dog shot!”

She turned, and caught a glimpse of that which sent a thrill of terror to her heart. Bras had sneaked off from her side—had trotted lightly over the breckans, and was now in full chase of a herd of deer which were flying down the slope on the other side of the plantation. He rushed now at one, now at another; the very number of chances presented to him proving the safety of the whole herd. But as Sheila, with a swift flight that would have astonished most town-bred girls, followed the wild chase and came to the crest of the slope, she could see that the hound had at length singled out a particular deer—a fine buck with handsome horns, that was making straight for the foot of the valley. The herd, that had been much scattered, were now drawing together again, though checking nothing of their speed; but this single buck had been driven from his companions, and was doing his utmost to escape from the fangs of the powerful animal behind him.

What could she do but run wildly and breathlessly on? The dog was now far beyond the reach of her voice. She had no whistle. All sorts of fearful anticipations rushed in on her mind—the most prominent of all being the anger of her father if Bras were shot. How could she go back to Borva with such a tale; and how could she live in London without this companion who had come with her from the far north? Then what terrible things were connected with the killing of deer in a Royal Park? She remembered vaguely what Mr. Ingram and her husband had been saying; and while these things were crowding in upon her, she felt her strength beginning to fail, while both the dog and the deer had disappeared altogether from sight.

Strange, too, that in the midst of her

fatigue and fright, while she still managed to struggle on, with a sharp pain at her heart and a sort of mist before her eyes, she had a vague consciousness that her husband would be vexed, not by the conduct or the fate of Bras, but by her being the heroine of so mad an adventure. She knew that he wished her to be serious, and subdued, and proper, like the ladies whom she met; while an evil destiny seemed to dog her footsteps and precipitate her into all sorts of erratic mishaps and "scenes." However, this adventure was likely soon to have an end.

She could go no further. Whatever had become of Bras, it was in vain for her to think of pursuing him. When she at length reached a broad and smooth road leading through the pasture, she could only stand still and press her two hands over her heart, while her head seemed giddy, and she did not see two men who had been standing on the road close by until they came up and addressed her.

Then she started, and looked round; finding before her two men who were apparently labourers of some sort, one of them having a shovel over his shoulder.

"Beg your pardon, Miss, but wur that your dawg?"

"Yes," she said, eagerly. "Could you get it? Did you see him go by? Do you know where he is?"

"Me and my mate saw him go by, sure enough; but as for getting him—why, the keepers 'll have shot him by this time."

"Oh no!" cried Sheila, almost in tears, "they must not shoot him. It was my fault. I will pay them for all the harm he has done. Can't you tell me which way he will go past?"

"I don't think, Miss," said the spokesman, quite respectfully, "as you can go much furdur. If you would sit down, and rest yourself, and keep an eye on this 'ere shovel, me and my mate will have a hunt arter the dawg."

Sheila not only accepted the offer gratefully, but promised to give them all the money she had if only they

would bring back the dog unharmed. Then the men went their way.

It was a hard thing to wait here, in the greatest doubt and uncertainty, while the afternoon was visibly waning. She began to grow afraid. Perhaps the men had stolen the dog, and left her with this shovel as a blind. Her husband must have come home; and would be astonished and perplexed by her absence. Surely he would have the sense to dine by himself, instead of waiting for her; and she reflected with some glimpse of satisfaction, that she had left everything connected with dinner properly arranged, so that he should have nothing to grumble at.

Her reverie was interrupted by the sound of footsteps on the grass behind; and she turned quickly to find the two men approaching her, one of them leading the captive Bras by the leash. Sheila sprang to her feet with a great gladness. She did not care even to accuse the culprit, whose consciousness of guilt was evident in his look and in the droop of his tail. Bras did not once turn his eyes to his mistress. He hung down his head, while he panted rapidly, and she fancied she saw some smearing of blood on his tongue and on the side of his jaw. Her fears on this head were speedily confirmed.

"I think, Miss, as you'd better take him out o' the park as soon as maybee; for he's got a deer killed close by the Robin Hood Gate, in the trees there, and if the keepers happen on it afore you leave the park, you'll get into trouble."

"Oh, thank you," said Sheila, retaining her composure bravely, but with a terrible sinking of the heart, "and how can I get to the nearest railway station?"

"You're going to London, Miss?"

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose the nearest is Richmond; but it would be quieter for you, don't you see, Miss, if you was to go along to the Roehampton Gate and go to Barnes?"

"Will you show me the gate?" said Sheila, choosing the quieter route at once.

But the men themselves did not at all like the look of accompanying her and this dog through the park. Had they not already condoned a felony, or done something equally dreadful, in handing to her a dog that had been found keeping watch and ward over a slain buck? They showed her the road to the Roehampton Gate; and then they paused before continuing on their journey.

The pause meant money. Sheila took out her purse. There were three sovereigns and some silver in it; and the entire sum, in fulfilment of her promise, she held out to him who had so far conducted the negotiations.

Both men looked frightened. It was quite clear that either good feeling or some indefinite fear of being implicated in the killing of the deer caused them to regard this big bribe as something they could not meddle with; and at length, after a pause of a second or two, the spokesman said, with great hesitation—

"Well, Miss, you've kep' your word; but me and my mate—well, if so be as it's the same to you, 'd rather have summut to drink your health—"

"Do you think it is too much?"

The man looked at his neighbour, who nodded.

"It was only for ketchin' of a dawg, Miss, don't you see?" he remarked, slowly, as if to impress upon her that they had had nothing whatever to do with the deer.

"Will you take this, then?" and she offered them half-a-crown each.

Their faces lightened considerably; they took the money; and, with a formal expression of thanks, moved off—but not before they had taken a glance round to see that no one had been a witness of this interview.

And so Sheila had to walk away by herself, knowing that she had been guilty of a dreadful offence, and that at any moment she might be arrested by the officers of the law. What would the old King of Borva say if he saw his only daughter in the hands of two policemen; and would not all Mr. Lavender's fasti-

dious, and talkative, and wondering friends pass about the newspaper report of her trial and conviction! A man was approaching her. As he drew near, her heart failed her; for might not this be the mysterious George Ranger himself, about whom her husband and Mr. Ingram had been talking? Should she drop on her knees at once, and confess her sins, and beg him to let her off? If Duncan were with her, or Mairi, or even old Scarlett Macdonald, she would not have cared so much; but it seemed so terrible to meet this man alone.

However, as he drew near he did not seem a fierce person. He was an old gentleman, with voluminous white hair, who was dressed all in black, and carried an umbrella on this warm and bright afternoon. He regarded her and the dog in a distant and contemplative fashion, as though he would probably try to remember them some time after he had really seen them; and then he passed on. Sheila began to breathe more freely. Moreover, here was the gate; and, once she was in the high road, who could say anything to her? Tired as she was, she still walked rapidly on; and in due time, having had to ask the way once or twice, she found herself at Barnes station.

By and by the train came in; Bras was committed to the care of the guard; and she found herself alone in a railway-carriage, for the first time in her life. Her husband had told her that whenever she felt uncertain of her whereabouts, if in the country, she was to ask for the nearest station and get a train to London; if in town, she was to get into a cab and give the driver her address. And, indeed, Sheila had been so much agitated and perplexed during this afternoon, that she acted in a sort of mechanical fashion, and really escaped the nervousness which otherwise would have attended the novel experience of purchasing a ticket and of arranging about the carriage of a dog in the break-van. Even now, when she found herself travelling alone, and shortly to arrive at a part of London she had never seen, her crowding thoughts and fancies

were not about her own situation, but about the reception she should receive from her husband. Would he be vexed with her? Or pity her? Had he called, with Mrs. Lorraine, to take her somewhere, and found her gone? Had he brought home some bachelor friends to dinner, and been chagrined to find her not in the house?

It was getting dusk when the slow four-wheeler approached Sheila's home. The hour for dinner had long gone by. Perhaps her husband had gone away somewhere looking for her, and she would find the house empty.

But Frank Lavender came to meet his wife in the hall, and said—

"Where have you been?"

She could not tell whether there was anger or kindness in his voice; and she could not well see his face. She took his hand, and went into the dining-room, which was also in dusk, and, standing there, told him all her story.

"By Jove!" he said, impatiently, "I'll go and thrash that dog within an inch of its life."

"No," she said, drawing herself up; and for one brief second—could he but have seen her face—there was a touch of old Mackenzie's pride and firmness about the ordinarily gentle lips. It was but for a second. She cast down her eyes, and said, meekly, "I hope you won't do that, Frank. The dog is not to blame. It was my fault."

"Well, really, Sheila," he said, "don't you think you are a little thoughtless? I wish you would try to act as other women act, instead of constantly putting yourself and me into the most awkward positions. Suppose I had brought anyone home to dinner, now? And what am I to say to Ingram?—for of course I went direct to his lodgings when I discovered you were nowhere to be found. I fancied some mad freak had taken you there; and I should not have been surprised. Do you know who was in the hall when I came in this afternoon?"

"No," said Sheila.

"Why, that wretched old hag who keeps the fruit-stall. And it seems you

gave her and all her family tea and cake in the kitchen last night."

It was certainly not the expense of these charities that he objected to. He was himself recklessly generous in such things. He would have given a sovereign where Sheila gave a shilling; but that was a different matter from having his wife almost associate with such people.

"She is a poor old woman," said Sheila, humbly.

"A poor old woman!" he said. "I have no doubt she is a lying old thief, who would take an umbrella or a coat if only she could get the chance. It is really too bad, Sheila, your having all those persons about you, and demeaning yourself by attending on them. What must the servants think of you!"

"I do not heed what any servants think of me," she said.

She was now standing erect, with her face quite calm.

"Apparently not!" he said, "or you would not go and make yourself ridiculous before them."

Sheila hesitated for a moment, as if she did not understand; and then she said, as calmly as before, but with a touch of indignation about the proud and beautiful lips—

"And if I make myself ridiculous by attending to poor people, it is not my husband who should tell me so."

She turned and walked out, and he was too surprised to follow her. She went upstairs to her own room, locked herself in, and threw herself on the bed. And then all the bitterness of her heart rose up as if in a flood—not against him, but against the country in which he lived, and the society which had contaminated him, and the ways and habits that seemed to create a barrier between herself and him, so that she was almost a stranger to him, and incapable of becoming anything else. It was a fault that she should interest herself in the unfortunate creatures round about her; that she should talk to them as if they were human beings like herself, and have a great sympathy with their small hopes and aims: but she would not have been led into such a fault if she had culti-

vated from her infancy upwards a consistent self-indulgence, making herself the centre of a world of mean desires and petty gratifications. And then she thought of the old and beautiful days up in the Lewis, where the young English stranger seemed to approve of her simple ways and her charitable work; and where she was taught to believe that, in order to please him, she had only to continue to be what she was then. There was no great gulf of time between that period and this; but what had not happened in the interval! She had not changed—at least she hoped she had not changed. She loved her husband with her whole heart and soul; her devotion was as true and constant as she herself could have wished it to be when she dreamed of the duties of a wife in the days of her maidenhood. But all around her was changed. She had no longer the old freedom—the old delight in living from day to day—the active work, and the enjoyment of seeing where she could help, and how she could help, the people around her. When, as if by the same sort of instinct that makes a wild animal retain in captivity the habits which were necessary to its existence when it lived in freedom, she began to find out the circumstances of such unfortunate people as were in her neighbourhood, some little solace was given to her; but these people were not friends to her, as the poor folk of Borvabost had been. She knew, too, that her husband would be displeased if he found her talking with a washerwoman over the poor creature's family matters, or even advising one of her own servants about the disposal of her wages; so that, while she concealed nothing from him, these things nevertheless had to be done exclusively in his absence. And was she, in so doing, really making herself ridiculous? Did he consider her ridiculous? Or was it not merely the fatal influences of the indolent society in which he lived that had poisoned his mind, and drawn him away from her as though into another world?

Alas! if he were in that other world, was not she quite alone? What com-

panionship was there possible between her and the people in this new and strangeland into which she had ventured? As she lay on the bed, with her head hidden down in the darkness, the pathetic wail of the captive Jews seemed to come and go through the bitterness of her thoughts, like some mournful refrain, "*By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.*" She almost heard the words; and the reply that rose up in her heart was a great yearning to go back to her own land, so that her eyes were filled with tears in thinking of it, and she lay and sobbed there, in the dusk. Would not the old man, living all by himself in that lonely island, be glad to see his little girl back again in the old house? and she would sing to him as she used to sing, not as she had been singing to those people whom her husband knew. "*For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.*" And she had sung in the strange land, among the strange people, with her heart breaking with thoughts of the sea, and the hills, and the rude, and sweet, and simple ways of the old bygone life she had left behind her.

"Sheila!"

She thought it was her father calling to her; and she rose with a cry of joy. For one wild moment she fancied that outside were all the people she knew—Duncan, and Scarlett, and Mairi—and that she was once more at home, with the sea all around her, and the salt, cold air.

"Sheila, I want to speak to you."

It was her husband. She went to the door, opened it, and stood there, penitent and with downcast face.

"Come, you must not be silly," he said, with some kindness in his voice. "You have had no dinner. You must be hungry."

"I do not care for any—there is no use troubling the servants when I would rather lie down," she said.

"The servants! You surely don't take so seriously what I said about

them, Sheila? Of course, you don't need to care what the servants think. And in any case they have to bring up dinner for me, so you may as well come and try."

"Have you not had dinner?" she said, timidly.

"Do you think I could sit down and eat with a notion that you might have tumbled into the Thames, or been kidnapped, or something?"

"I am very sorry," she said, in a low voice; and in the gloom he felt his hand taken and carried to her lips. Then they went down-stairs into the dining-room, which was now lit up by a blaze of gas and candles.

During dinner, of course, no very confidential talking was possible; and, indeed, Sheila had plenty to tell of her adventures at Richmond. Lavender was now in a more amiable mood; and was disposed to look on the killing of the roebuck as rather a good joke. He complimented Sheila on her good sense in having gone in to the Star and Garter for lunch; and altogether something like better relations was established between them.

But when dinner was finally over, and the servants dismissed, Lavender placed Sheila's easy chair for her as usual, drew his own near hers, and lit a cigarette.

"Now, tell me, Sheila," he said, "were you really vexed with me when you went up-stairs and locked yourself in your room? Did you think I meant to displease you, or say anything harsh to you?"

"No, not any of those things," she said, calmly; "I wished to be alone—to think over what had happened. And I was grieved by what you said; for I think you cannot help looking at many things not as I will look at them—that is all. It is my bringing up in the Highlands, perhaps."

"Do you know, Sheila, it sometimes occurs to me that you are not quite comfortable here; and I can't make out what is the matter? I think you have a perverse fancy that you are different from the people you meet, and that you cannot be like them, and all that

sort of thing. Now, dear, that is only a fancy. There need be no difference, if only you will take a little trouble."

"Oh, Frank!" she said, going over and putting her hand on his shoulder, "I cannot take that trouble! I cannot try to be like those people. And I see a great difference in you since you have come back to London, and you are getting to be like them, and say the things they say. If I could only see you, my own darling, up in the Lewis again, with rough clothes on, and a gun in your hand, I should be happy. You were yourself up there, when you were helping us in the boat, or when you were bringing home the salmon, or when we were all together at night in the little parlour, you know——"

"My dear, don't get so excited. Now sit down, and I will tell you all about it. You seem to have the notion that people lose all their finer sentiments simply because they don't, in society, burst into raptures over them. You mustn't imagine all those people are selfish and callous merely because they preserve a decent reticence. To tell you the truth, that constant profession of noble feelings you would like to see would have something of ostentation about it."

Sheila only sighed.

"I do not wish them to be altered," she said, by and by, with her eyes grown pensive; "all I know is that I could not live the same life. And you—you seemed to be happier up in the Highlands than you have ever been since."

"Well, you see, a man ought to be happy when he is enjoying a holiday in the country, along with the girl he is engaged to. But if I had lived all my life killing salmon and shooting wild-duck, I should have grown up an ignorant boor, with no more sense of——"

He stopped; for he saw that the girl was thinking of her father.

"Well, look here, Sheila. You see how you are placed—how we are placed, rather. Wouldn't it be more sensible to get to understand those people you look askance at, and establish better relations with them, since you have got to live

among them? I can't help thinking you are too much alone; and you can't expect me to stay in the house always with you. A husband and wife cannot be continually in each other's company, unless they want to grow heartily tired of each other. Now if you would only lay aside those suspicions of yours, you would find the people just as honest, and generous, and friendly as any other sort of people you ever met, although they don't happen to be fond of expressing their goodness in their talk."

"I have tried, dear—I will try again," said Sheila.

She resolved that she would go down and visit Mrs. Kavanagh next day, and try to be interested in the talk of such people as might be there. She would bring away some story about this or the other fashionable woman or noble lord, just to show her husband that she was doing her best to learn. She would drive patiently round the park in that close little brougham, and listen attentively to the moralities of Marcus Aurelius. She would make an appointment to go with Mrs. Lorraine to a morning-concert; and she would endeavour to muster up courage to ask any ladies who might be there to lunch with her on that day, and go afterwards to this same entertainment. All these things, and many more, Sheila silently vowed to herself she would do, while her husband sat and expounded to her his theories of the obligations which society demanded of its members.

But her plans were suddenly broken asunder.

"I met Mrs. Lorraine accidentally to-day," he said.

It was his first mention of the young American lady. Sheila sat in mute expectation.

"She always asks very kindly after you."

"She is very good."

He did not say, however, that Mrs. Lorraine had more than once made distinct propositions, when in his company, that they should call in for Sheila, and take her out for a drive, or to a flower-show, or some such place, while

Lavender had always some excuse ready.

"She is going to Brighton to-morrow, and she was wondering whether you would care to run down for a day or two."

"With her?" said Sheila, recoiling from such a proposal instinctively.

"Of course not. I should go. And then at last, you know, you would see the sea, about which you have been dreaming for ever so long."

The sea! There was a magic in the very word that could, almost at any moment, summon tears into her eyes. Of course, she accepted right gladly. If her husband's duties were so pressing that the long-talked-of journey to Lewis and Borva had to be repeatedly and indefinitely postponed, here at least would be a chance of looking again at the sea—of drinking in the freshness and light and colour of it—of renewing her old and intimate friendship with it, that had been broken off for so long by her stay in this city of perpetual houses and still sunshine.

"You can tell her you will go when you see her to-night at Lady Mary's. By the way, isn't it time for you to begin to dress?"

"Oh, Lady Mary's," repeated Sheila, mechanically, who had forgotten all about her engagements for that evening.

"Perhaps you are too tired to go," said her husband.

She was a little tired, in truth. But surely, just after her promises, spoken and unspoken, some little effort was demanded of her; so she bravely went to dress, and in about three-quarters of an hour was ready to drive down to Curzon Street. Her husband had never seen her look so pleased before in going out to any party. He flattered himself that his lecture had done her good. There was fair common-sense in what he had said; and although, doubtless, a girl's romanticism was a pretty thing, it would have to yield to the actual requirements of life. In time he should educate Sheila.

But he did not know what brightened the girl's face all that night, and put a

new life into the beautiful eyes, so that even those who knew her best were struck by her singular beauty. It was the sea that was colouring Sheila's eyes. The people around her, the glare of the candles, the hum of talking, and the motion of certain groups dancing over there in the middle of the throng—all were faint and visionary; for she was busily wondering what the sea would be like the next morning, and what strange fancies would strike her when once more she walked on sand, and heard the roar of waves. That, indeed, was the sound that was present in her ears, while the music played, and the people murmured around her. Mrs. Lorraine talked to her, and was surprised and amused to notice the eager fashion in which the girl spoke of their journey of the next day. The gentleman who took her in to supper found himself catechised about Brighton in a manner which afforded him more occupation than enjoyment. And when Sheila drove away from the house, at two in the morning, she declared to her husband that she had enjoyed herself extremely, and he was glad to hear it; and she was particularly kind to himself in getting him his slippers, and fetching him that final cigarette which he always had on reaching home; and then she went off to bed to dream of ships, and flying clouds, and cold winds, and a great and beautiful blue plain of waves.

CHAPTER XIV.

DEEPER AND DEEPER.

NEXT morning Sheila was busy with her preparations for departure when she heard a hansom drive up. She looked from the window, and saw Mr. Ingram step out; and, before he had time to cross the pavement, she had run round and opened the door, and stood at the top of the steps to receive him. How often had her husband cautioned her not to forget herself in this monstrous fashion!

"Did you think I had run away? Have you come to see me?" she said,

with a bright, roseate gladness on her face which reminded him of many a pleasant morning in Borva.

"I did not think you had run away, for you see I have brought you some flowers," he said; but there was a sort of blush in the fallow face, and perhaps the girl had some quick fancy or suspicion that he had brought this bouquet to prove that he knew everything was right, and that he expected to see her. It was only a part of his universal kindness and thoughtfulness, she considered.

"Frank is upstairs," she said, "getting ready some things to go to Brighton. Will you come into the breakfast-room? Have you had breakfast?"

"Oh, you were going to Brighton."

"Yes," she said; and somehow something moved her to add, quickly, "but not for long, you know. Only a few days. It is many a time you will have told me of Brighton, long ago, in the Lewis; but I cannot understand a large town being beside the sea, and it will be a great surprise to me, I am sure of that."

"Ay, Sheila," he said, falling into the old habit quite naturally, "you will find it different from Borvabost. You will have no scampering about the rocks, with your head bare, and your hair flying about. You will have to dress more correctly there than here even; and, by the way, you must be busy getting ready, so I will go."

"Oh no," she said, with a quick look of disappointment, "you will not go yet. If I had known you were coming—but it was very late when we will get home this morning—two o'clock it was."

"Another ball?"

"Yes," said the girl, but not very joyfully.

"Why, Sheila," he said, with a grave smile on his face, "you are becoming quite a woman of fashion now. And you know I can't keep up an acquaintance with a fine lady who goes to all these grand places, and knows all sorts of swell people; so you'll have to cut me, Sheila——"

"I hope I shall be dead before that time ever comes," said the girl, with a

sudden flash of indignation in her eyes. Then she softened. "But it is not kind of you to laugh at me."

"Of course, I did not laugh at you," he said, taking both her hands in his, "although I used to sometimes when you were a little girl, and talked very wild English. Don't you remember how vexed you used to be; and how pleased you were when your papa turned the laugh against me by getting me to say that awful Gaelic sentence about '*A young calf ate a raw egg*'?"

"Can you say it now?" said Sheila, with her face getting bright and pleased again. "Try it after me. Now listen."

She uttered some half-dozen of the most extraordinary sounds that any language ever contained; but Ingram would not attempt to follow her. She reproached him with having forgotten all that he had learnt in Lewis; and said she should no longer look on him as a possible Highlander.

"But what are *you* now?" he asked. "You are no longer that wild girl who used to run out to sea in the *Maighdean-mhara*, whenever there was the excitement of a storm coming on."

"Many times," she said, slowly and wistfully, "I will wish that I could be that again, for a little while."

"Don't you enjoy, then, all those fine gatherings you go to?"

"I try to like them."

"And you don't succeed."

He was looking at her gravely and earnestly; and she turned away her head, and did not answer. At this moment Lavender came downstairs, and entered the room.

"Hillo, Ingram, my boy; glad to see you! What pretty flowers—it's a pity we can't take them to Brighton with us."

"But I intend to take them," said Sheila, firmly.

"Oh, very well, if you don't mind the bother," said her husband; "I should have thought your hands would have been full—you know, you'll have to take everything with you you would want in London. You will find that Brighton isn't a dirty little fishing-

village in which you've only to tuck up your dress and run about anyhow."

"I never saw a dirty little fishing-village," said Sheila, quietly.

Her husband laughed.

"I meant no offence. I was not thinking of Borvabost at all. Well, Ingram, can't you run down and see us while we are at Brighton?"

"Oh do, Mr. Ingram!" said Sheila, with quite a new interest in her face, and she came forward as though she would have gone down on her knees, and begged this great favour of him. "Do, Mr. Ingram! We should try to amuse you some way; and the weather is sure to be fine. Shall we keep a room for you? Can you come on Friday and stay till the Monday? It is a great difference there will be in the place if you come down."

Ingram looked at Sheila, and was on the point of promising, when Lavender added—

"And we shall introduce you to that young American lady whom you are so anxious to meet."

"Oh, is she to be there?" he said, looking rather curiously at Lavender.

"Yes, she and her mother. We are going down together."

"Then I'll see whether I can, in a day or two," he said, but in a tone which pretty nearly convinced Sheila that she should not have her stay at Brighton made pleasant by the company of her old friend and associate.

However, the mere anticipation of seeing the sea was much; and when they had got into a cab and were going down to Victoria Station, Sheila's eyes were filled with a joyful anticipation. She had discarded altogether the descriptions of Brighton that had been given her. It is one thing to receive information, and another to reproduce it in an imaginative picture; and, in fact, her imagination was busy with its own work while she sat and listened to this person or the other speaking of the sea-side town she was going to. When they spoke of promenades, and drives, and miles of hotels and lodging-houses, she was thinking of the sea-beach, and

of the boats, and of the sky-line with its distant ships. When they told her of private theatricals, and concerts, and fancy-dress balls, she was thinking of being out on the open sea, with a light breeze filling the sails, and a curl of white foam rising at the bow and sweeping and hissing down the sides of the boat. She would go down among the fishermen, when her husband and his friends were not by, and talk to them, and get to know what they sold their fish for down here in the south. She would find out what their nets cost; and if there was anybody in authority to whom they could apply for an advance of a few pounds in case of hard times. Had they their cuttings of peat free from the nearest moss-land; and did they dress their fields with the thatch that had got saturated with the smoke? Perhaps some of them could tell her where the crews hailed from that had repeatedly shot the sheep of the Flannan isles. All these, and a hundred other things, she would get to know; and she might procure and send to her father some rare bird, or curiosity of the sea, that might be added to the little museum in which she used to sing, in days gone by, when he was busy with his pipe and his whisky.

"You are not much tired, then, by your dissipation of last night," said Mrs. Kavanagh to her, at the station, as the slender, fair-haired, grave lady looked admiringly at the girl's fresh colour and bright grey-blue eyes. "It makes one envy you to see you looking so strong and in such good spirits."

"How happy you must be always," said Mrs. Lorraine, and the younger lady had the same sweet, low, and kindly voice as her mother.

"I am very well, thank you," said Sheila, blushing somewhat, and not lifting her eyes; while Lavender was impatient that she had not answered with a laugh and some light retort such as would have occurred to almost any woman in the circumstances.

On the journey down, Lavender and Mrs. Lorraine, seated opposite each other in two corner-seats, kept up a

continual cross-fire of small pleasantries, in which the young American lady had distinctly the best of it, chiefly by reason of her perfect manner. The keenest thing she said was said with a look of great innocence and candour in the large grey eyes; and then, directly afterwards, she would say something very nice and pleasant, in precisely the same voice, as if she could not understand that there was any effort on the part of either to assume an advantage. The mother sometimes turned and listened to this aimless talk with an amused gravity, as of a cat watching the gambols of a kitten; but generally she devoted herself to Sheila, who sat opposite her. She did not talk much, and Sheila was glad of that; but the girl felt that she was being observed with some little curiosity. She wished that Mrs. Kavanagh would turn those observant grey eyes of hers away in some other direction. Now and again, Sheila would point out what she considered strange or striking in the country outside; and for a moment the elderly lady would look out. But directly afterwards, the grey eyes would come back to Sheila; and the girl knew they were upon her. At last, she so persistently stared out of the window, that she fell to dreaming; and all the trees, and the meadows, and the farm-houses, and the distant heights and hollows, went past her as though they were in a sort of mist; while she replied to Mrs. Kavanagh's chance remarks in a mechanical fashion, and could only hear as a monotonous murmur the talk of the two people at the other side of the carriage. How much of the journey did the girl remember? She was greatly struck by the amount of open land in the neighbourhood of London—the commons between Wandsworth and Streatham, and so forth—and she was pleased with the appearance of the country about Red-hill. For the rest, a succession of fair green pictures passed by her, all bathed in a calm, half-misty, summer sunlight; then they pierced the chalk hills (which Sheila, at first sight, fancied

were of granite) and rumbled through the tunnels. Finally, with just a glimpse of a great mass of grey houses filling a vast hollow and stretching up the bare green downs beyond—they found themselves in Brighton.

"Well, Sheila, what do you think of the place?" her husband said to her, in a kindly way, as they were driving down the Queen's Road.

She did not answer.

"It is not like Borvabost, is it?"

She was too bewildered to speak. She could only look about her with a vague wonder and disappointment. But surely this great grey city was not the place they had come to live in? Would it not disappear somehow, and they would get away to the sea, and the rocks, and the boats?

They passed into the upper part of West Street, and here was another thoroughfare, down which Sheila glanced with no great interest. But the next moment, there was a quick catching of her breath, which almost resembled a sob; and a strange, glad light sprang into her eyes. Here, at last, was the sea! Away beyond the narrow thoroughfare she could catch a glimpse of a great green plain—yellow-green it was in the sunlight—that the wind was whitening here and there with tumbling waves. She had not noticed that there was any wind inland; there everything seemed asleep; but here there was a fresh breeze from the south, and the sea had been rough the day before, and now it was of this strange olive colour, streaked with the white curls of foam that shone in the sunlight. Was there not a cold scent of seaweed, too, blown up this narrow passage between the houses? And now the carriage cut round the corner, and whirled out into the glare of the Parade; and before her the great sea stretched out its leagues of tumbling and shining waves, and she heard the water roaring along the beach, and far away at the horizon she saw a phantom ship. She did not even look at the row of splendid hotels and houses, at the gaily-dressed folks on the pavement, at the brilliant flags that were flapping

and fluttering on the New Pier, and about the beach. It was the great world of shining water beyond that fascinated her, and awoke in her a strange yearning and longing, so that she did not know whether it was grief or joy that burned in her heart, and blinded her eyes with tears. Mrs. Kavanagh took her arm as they were going up the steps of the hotel, and said, in a friendly way, "I suppose you have some sad memories of the sea."

"No," said Sheila, bravely, "it is always pleasant to me to think of the sea; but it is a long time since—since——"

"Sheila," said her husband, abruptly, "do tell me if all your things are here;" and then the girl turned, calm and self-collected, to look after rugs and boxes.

When they were finally established in the hotel, Lavender went off to negotiate for the hire of a carriage for Mrs. Kavanagh during her stay; and Sheila was left with the two ladies. They had tea in their sitting-room; and they had it at one of the windows, so that they could look out on the stream of people and carriages now beginning to flow by in the clear yellow light of the afternoon. But neither the people nor the carriages had much interest for Sheila, who, indeed, sat for the most part silent, intently watching the various boats that were putting out or coming in, and busy with conjectures which she knew there was no use placing before her two companions.

"Brighton seems to surprise you very much," said Mrs. Lorraine.

"Yes," said Sheila, "I have been told all about it; but you will forget all that—and this is very different from the sea at home—at my home."

"Your home is in London now," said the elder lady, with a smile.

"Oh no!" said Sheila, most anxiously and earnestly. "London, that is not our home at all. We live there for a time; that will be quite necessary; but we shall go back to the Lewis some day soon—not to stay altogether, but enough to make it as much our home as London."

"How do you think Mr. Lavender

will enjoy living in the Hebrides?" said Mrs. Lorraine, with a look of innocent and friendly inquiry in her eyes.

"It was many a time that he has said he never liked any place so much," said Sheila, with something of a blush; and then she added, with growing courage, "for you must not think he is always like what he is here. Oh no; when he is in the Highlands, there is no day that is nearly long enough for what has to be done in it; and he is up very early, and away to the loch or the hills with a gun or a salmon-rod. He can catch the salmon very well—oh, very well for one that is not accustomed; and he will shoot as well as anyone that is in the island, except my papa. It is a great deal to do there will be in the island, and plenty of amusement; and there is not much chance—not any whatever—of his being lonely or tired when we go to live in the Lewis."

Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter were both amused and pleased by the earnest and rapid fashion in which Sheila talked. They had generally considered her to be a trifle shy and silent—not knowing how afraid she was of using wrong idioms or pronunciations; but here was one subject on which her heart was set, and she had no more thought as to whether she said "like-ah-ness" or likeness, or whether she said "gyarden" or garden. Indeed, she forgot more than that. She was somewhat excited by the presence of the sea, and the well-remembered sound of the waves; and she was pleased to talk about her life in the north, and about her husband's stay there, and how they should pass the time when she returned to Borva. She neglected altogether Lavender's injunctions that she should not talk about fishing, or cooking, or farming to his friends. She incidentally revealed to Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter a great deal more about the household at Borva than he would have wished to be known. For how could they understand about his wife having her own cousin to serve at table; and what would they think of a young lady who was proud of making her father's

shirts? Whatever these two ladies may have thought, they were very obviously interested; and, if they were amused, it was in a far from unfriendly fashion. Mrs. Lorraine professed herself quite charmed with Sheila's descriptions of her island life; and wished she could go up to Lewis to see all these strange things. But when she spoke of visiting the island, when Sheila and her husband were staying there, Sheila was not nearly so ready to offer her a welcome as the daughter of a hospitable old Highlandman ought to have been.

"And will you go out in a boat now?" said Sheila, looking down to the beach.

"In a boat? What sort of boat?" said Mrs. Kavanagh.

"Any one of those little sailing boats—it is very good boats they are, as far as I can see."

"No, thank you," said the elder lady, with a smile. "I am not fond of small boats; and the company of the men who go with you might be a little objectionable, I should fancy."

"But you need not take any men," said Sheila; "the sailing of one of those little boats, it is very simple."

"Do you mean to say you could manage the boat by yourself?"

"Oh yes. It is very simple. And my husband, he will help me."

"And what would you do, if you went out?"

"We might try the fishing. I do not see where the rocks are; but we would go off the rocks, and put down the anchor, and try the lines. You would have some ferry good fish for breakfast, in the morning."

"My dear child," said Mrs. Kavanagh, "you don't know what you propose to us. To go and roll about in an open boat, in these waves—we should be ill in five minutes. But I suppose you don't know what sea-sickness is?"

"No," said Sheila, "but I will hear my husband speak of it often. And it is only in crossing the Channel that people will get sick."

"Why, this is the Channel!"

Sheila stared. Then she endeavoured to recall her geography. Of course, this

must be a part of the Channel; but if the people in the south became ill in this weather, they must be rather feeble creatures. Her speculations on this point were cut short by the entrance of her husband, who came to announce that he had not only secured a carriage for a month, but that it would be round at the hotel-door in half-an-hour; whereupon the two American ladies said they would be ready, and left the room.

"Now go off and get dressed, Sheila," said Lavender.

She stood for a moment irresolute.

"If you wouldn't mind," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "if you would allow me to go by myself—if you would go to the driving—and let me go down to the shore——"

"Oh, nonsense!" he said. "You will have people fancying you are only a schoolgirl. How can you go down to the beach by yourself, among all those loafing vagabonds, who would pick your pocket or throw stones at you? You must behave like an ordinary Christian: now do, like a good girl, get dressed, and submit to the restraints of civilized life. It won't hurt you much."

So she left, to lay aside with some regret her rough blue dress; and he went downstairs to see about ordering dinner.

Had she come down to the sea, then, only to live the life that had nearly broken her heart in London? It seemed so. They drove up and down the Parade for about an hour and a half; and the roar of carriages drowned the rush of the waves. Then they dined in the quiet of this still summer evening; and she could only see the sea as a distant and silent picture through the windows, while the talk of her companions was either about the people whom they had seen while driving, or about matters of which she knew nothing. Then the blinds were drawn, and candles lit; and still their conversation murmured around her unheeding ears. After dinner, her husband went down to the smoking-room of the hotel to have a cigar; and she was left with Mrs. Kavanagh and

her daughter. She went to the window, and looked through a chink in the Venetian blinds. There was a beautiful clear twilight abroad, the darkness was still of a soft grey, and up in the pale yellow-green of the sky a large planet burned and throbbed. Soon the sea and the sky would darken; the stars would come forth in thousands and tens of thousands; and the moving water would be struck with a million trembling spots of silver, as the waves came onward to the beach.

"Mayn't we go out for a walk till Frank has finished his cigar?" said Sheila.

"You couldn't go out walking at this time of night," said Mrs. Kavanagh, in a kindly way; "you would meet the most unpleasant persons. Besides, going out into the night air would be most dangerous."

"It is a beautiful night," said Sheila, with a sigh. She was still standing at the window.

"Come," said Mrs. Kavanagh, going over to her, and putting her hand in her arm. "We cannot have any moping, you know. You must be content to be dull with us for one night; and after to-night, we shall see what we can do to amuse you."

"Oh, but I don't want to be amused!" cried Sheila, almost in terror, for some vision flashed on her mind of a series of parties. "I would much rather be left alone, and allowed to go about by myself. But it is very kind of you," she hastily added, fancying that her speech had been somewhat ungracious, "it is very kind of you indeed."

"Come, I promised to teach you cribbage, didn't I?"

"Yes," said Sheila, with much resignation; and she walked to the table, and sat down.

Perhaps, after all, she could have spent the rest of the evening with some little equanimity, in patiently trying to learn this game, in which she had no interest whatever; but her thoughts and fancies were soon drawn away from cribbage. Her husband returned. Mrs. Lorraine had been for some little time

at the big piano at the other side of the room, amusing herself by playing snatches of anything she happened to remember; but when Mr. Lavender returned, she seemed to wake up. He went over to her and sat down by the piano.

"Here," she said, "I have all the duets and songs you spoke of; and I am quite delighted with those I have tried. I wish Mamma would sing a second to me—how can one learn without practising? And there are some of those duets I really should like to learn after what you said of them."

"Shall I become a substitute for your mamma?" he said.

"And sing the second, so that I may practise? Your cigar must have left you in a very amiable mood."

"Well, suppose we try," he said, and he proceeded to open out the roll of music which she had brought down.

"Which shall we take first?" he asked.

"It does not much matter," she answered indifferently, and, indeed, she took up one of the duets by haphazard.

What was it made Mrs. Kavanagh's companion suddenly lift her eyes from the cribbage-board, and look with surprise to the other end of the room? She had recognized the little prelude to one of her own duets, and it was being played by Mrs. Lorraine. And it was Mrs. Lorraine who began to sing—in a sweet, expressive, and well-trained voice of no great power—

"Love in thine eyes for ever plays,"

and it was she to whom the answer was given—

"He in thy snowy bosom strays;"

and then, Sheila, sitting stupefied, and pained and confused, heard them sing together—

*"He makes thy rosy lips his care,
And walks the mazes of thy hair."*

She had not heard the short conversation which had introduced this music; and she could not tell but that her husband had been practising these duets—

her duets—with some one else. For presently they sang, "When the rosy morn appearing," and "I would that my love could silently," and others, all of them, in Sheila's eyes, sacred to the time when she and Frank Lavender used to sit in the little room at Borva. It was no consolation to her that Mrs. Lorraine had but an imperfect acquaintance with them; that oftentimes she stumbled and went back over a bit of the accompaniment; that her voice was far from being striking. Lavender, at all events, seemed to heed none of these things. It was not as a music-master that he sang with her. He put as much expression of love into his voice as ever he had done in the old days when he sang with his future bride. And it seemed so cruel that this woman should have taken Sheila's own duets from her, to sing before her, with her own husband.

Sheila learnt little more cribbage that evening. Mrs. Kavanagh could not understand how her pupil had become embarrassed, inattentive, and even sad; and asked her if she was tired. Sheila said she was very tired, and would go. And, when she got her candle, Mrs. Lorraine and Lavender had just discovered another duet which they felt bound to try together, as the last.

This was not the first time she had been more or less vaguely pained by her husband's attentions to this young American lady; and yet she would not admit to herself that he was any way in the wrong. She would entertain no suspicion of him. She would have no jealousy in her heart; for how could jealousy exist with a perfect faith? And so she had repeatedly reasoned herself out of these tentative feelings, and resolved that she would do neither her husband nor Mrs. Lorraine the injustice of being vexed with them. So it was now. What more natural than that Frank should recommend to any friend the duets of which he was particularly fond? What more natural than that this young lady should wish to show her appreciation of those songs by singing them; and who was to sing with her but he? Sheila would have no sus-

picion of either ; and so she came down next morning determined to be very friendly with Mrs. Lorraine.

But that forenoon another thing occurred which nearly broke down all her resolves.

"Sheila," said her husband, "I don't think I ever asked you whether you rode."

"I used to ride many times at home," she said.

"But I suppose you'd rather not ride here," he said. "Mrs. Lorraine and I propose to go out presently: you'll be able to amuse yourself somehow till we come back."

Mrs. Lorraine had, indeed, gone to put on her habit ; and her mother was with her.

"I suppose I may go out," said Sheila. "It is so very dull indoors, and Mrs. Kavanagh is afraid of the east wind, and she is not going out."

"Well, there's no harm in your going out ; but I should have thought you'd have liked the comfort of watching the people pass from the window."

Sheila said nothing ; but went off to her own room, and dressed to go out. Why, she knew not, but she felt she would rather not see her husband and Mrs. Lorraine start from the hotel-door. She stole downstairs, without going into the sitting-room ; and then, going through the great hall and down the steps, found herself free and alone in Brighton.

It was a beautiful, bright, clear day, though the wind was a trifle chilly ; and all around her there was a sense of space, and light, and motion in the shining skies, the far clouds, and the heaving and noisy sea. Yet she had none of the gladness of heart with which she used to rush out of the house at Borva, to drink in the fresh, salt air, and feel the sunlight on her cheeks. She walked away, with her face wistful and pensive, along the King's Road, scarcely seeing any of the people who passed her ; and the noise of the crowd and of the waves hummed in her ears in a distant fashion, even as she walked along the wooden railing over the beach. She stopped

and watched some men putting off a heavy fishing-boat ; and she still stood and looked long after the boat was launched. She would not confess to herself that she felt lonely and miserable : it was the sight of the sea that was melancholy. It seemed so different from the sea off Borva, that had always to her a familiar and friendly look, even when it was raging and rushing before a south-west wind. Here this sea looked vast, and calm, and sad ; and the sound of it was not pleasant to her ears as was the sound of the waves on the rocks at Borva. She walked on, in a blind and unthinking fashion, until she had got far up the Parade, and could see the long line of monotonous white cliff meeting the dull blue plain of the waves until both disappeared in the horizon.

She returned to the King's Road, a trifle tired, and sat down on one of the benches there. The passing of the people would amuse her ; and now the pavement was thronged with a crowd of gaily-dressed folks, and the centre of the thoroughfare was brisk with the constant going and coming of riders. She saw strange old women, painted, powdered, and bewigged, in hideous imitation of youth, pounding up and down the level street, and she wondered what wild hallucinations possessed the brains of these poor creatures. She saw troops of beautiful young girls, with flowing hair, clear eyes, and bright complexions, riding by—a goodly company—under charge of a riding-mistress ; and the world seemed to grow sweeter when they came into view. But while she was vaguely gazing, and wondering, and speculating, her eyes were suddenly caught by two riders whose appearance sent a throb to her heart. Frank Lavender rode well ; so did Mrs. Lorraine ; and, though they were paying no particular attention to the crowd of passers-by, they doubtless knew that they could challenge criticism with an easy confidence. They were laughing and talking to each other as they went rapidly by ; neither of them saw Sheila. The girl did not look after them. She rose and walked in the other direction,

with a greater pain at her heart than had been there for many a day.

What was this crowd? Some dozen or so of people were standing round a small girl, who, accompanied by a man, was playing a violin, and playing it very well, too. But it was not the music that attracted Sheila to the child; but partly that there was a look about the timid, pretty face, and the modest and honest eyes, that reminded her of little Ailasa, and partly because, just at this moment, her heart seemed to be strangely sensitive and sympathetic. She took no thought of the people looking on. She went forward to the edge of the pavement, and found that the small girl and her companions were about to go away. Sheila stopped the man.

"Will you let your little girl come with me into this shop?"

It was a confectioner's shop.

"We were going home to dinner," said the man, while the small girl looked up with wondering eyes.

"Will you let her have dinner with me, and you will come back in half-an-hour?"

The man looked at the little girl; he seemed to be really fond of her, and saw that she was very willing to go. Sheila took her hand, and led her into the confectioner's shop, putting her violin on one of the small marble tables, while they sat down at another. She was probably not aware that two or three idlers had followed them, and were staring with might and main in at the door of the shop.

What could this child have thought of the beautiful and yet sad-eyed lady who was so kind to her, who got her all sorts of things with her own hands, and asked her all manner of questions in a low, gentle, and sweet voice? There was not much in Sheila's appearance to provoke fear or awe. The little girl, shy at first, got to be a little more frank; and told her hostess when she rose in the morning, how she practised, the number of hours they were out during the day, and many of the small incidents of her daily life. She had been photo-

graphed too, and her photograph was sold in one of the shops. She was very well content; she liked playing; the people were kind to her, and she did not often get tired.

"Then I shall see you often if I stay in Brighton?" said Sheila.

"We go out every day when it does not rain very hard."

"Perhaps some wet day you will come and see me, and you will have some tea with me; would you like that?"

"Yes, very much," said the small musician, looking up frankly.

Just at this moment—the half-hour having fully expired—the man appeared at the door.

"Don't hurry," said Sheila to the little girl; "sit still and drink up the lemonade; then I will give you some little parcels you must put in your pocket."

She was about to rise to go to the counter, when she suddenly met the eyes of her husband, who was calmly staring at her. He had come out, after their ride, with Mrs. Lorraine to have a stroll up and down the pavements; and had, in looking in at the various shops, caught sight of Sheila quietly having luncheon with this girl whom she had picked up in the streets.

"Did you ever see the like of that?" he said to Mrs. Lorraine. "In open day—with people staring in—and she has not even taken the trouble to put the violin out of sight."

"The poor child means no harm," said his companion.

"Well, we must get her out of this somehow," he said, and so they entered the shop.

Sheila knew she was guilty the moment she met her husband's look, though she had never dreamed of it before. She had, indeed, acted quite thoughtlessly—perhaps chiefly moved by a desire to speak to some one, and to befriend some one in her own loneliness.

"Hadn't you better let this little girl go?" said Lavender to Sheila, with an embarrassed laugh, as soon as he had ordered an ice for his companion.

"When she has finished her lemonade she will go," said Sheila, meekly. "But I have to buy some things for her first."

"You have got a whole lot of people round the door," he said.

"It is very kind of the people to wait for her," answered Sheila, with the same composure. "We have been here half-an-hour. I suppose they will like her music very much."

The little violinist was now taken to the counter, and her pockets stuffed with packages of sugared fruits and other dainty delicacies; then she was permitted to go with half-a-crown in her hand. Mrs. Lorraine patted her shoulder in passing, and said she was a pretty little thing.

They went home to luncheon. Nothing was said about the incident of the forenoon, except that Lavender complained to Mrs. Kavanagh, in a humorous way, that his wife had a most extraordinary fondness for beggars; and that he never went home of an evening without expecting to find her dining with the nearest scavenger and his family. Lavender, indeed, was in an amiable frame of mind at this meal (during the progress of which Sheila sat by the window, of course, for she had already lunched in company with the tiny violinist), and was bent on making himself as agreeable as possible to his two companions. Their talk had drifted towards the wanderings of the two ladies on the Continent; from that to the Nibelungen frescoes in Munich; from that to the Nibelungen itself, and then, by easy transition, to the ballads of Uhland and Heine. Lavender was in one of his most impulsive and brilliant moods—gay and jocular, tender and sympathetic by turns, and so obviously sincere in all that his listeners were delighted with his speeches, and assertions, and stories, and believed them as implicitly as he did himself. Sheila, sitting at a distance, saw and heard, and could not help recalling many an evening in the far north, when Lavender used to fascinate everyone around him by the in-

fection of his warm and poetic enthusiasm. How he talked, too—telling the stories of these quaint and pathetic ballads in his own rough-and-ready translations—while there was no self-consciousness in his face, but a thorough warmth of earnestness; and sometimes, too, she would notice a quiver of the under lip that she knew of old, when some pathetic point or phrase had to be indicated rather than described. He was drawing pictures for them as well as telling stories—of the three students entering the room in which the landlady's daughter lay dead—of Barbarossa in his cave of the child who used to look up at Heine as he passed her in the street, awe-stricken by his pale and strange face—of the last of the band of companions who sat in the solitary room in which they had sat, and drank to their memory—of the King of Thule, and the deserter from Strasburg, and a thousand others.

"But is there any of them—is there anything in the world more pitiable than that pilgrimage to Kevlaar?" he said. "You know it, of course. No! Oh, you must, surely. Don't you remember the mother who stood by the bedside of her sick son, and asked him whether he would not rise to see the great procession go by the window; and he tells her that he cannot—he is so ill—his heart is breaking for thinking of his dead Gretchen? You know the story, Sheila. The mother begs him to rise and come with her, and they will join the band of pilgrims going to Kevlaar, to be healed there of their wounds by the Mother of God. Then you find them at Kevlaar, and all the maimed and the lame people have come to the shrine; and whichever limb is diseased, they make a waxen image of that, and lay it on the altar, and then they are healed. Well, the mother of this poor lad takes wax and forms a heart out of it, and says to her son, 'Take that to the Mother of God, and she will heal your pain.' Sighing, he takes the wax heart in his hand, and, sighing, he goes to the shrine; and there, with tears running down his

face, he says, 'O beautiful Queen of Heaven, I am come to tell you my grief. I lived with my mother in Cologne—near us lived Gretchen—who is dead now. Blessed Mary, I bring you this wax heart; heal the wound in my heart.' And then—and then——"

Sheila saw his lip tremble. But he frowned, and said, impatiently,—

"What a shame it is to destroy such a beautiful story! You can have no idea of it—of its simplicity and tenderness——"

"But pray let us hear the rest of it," said Mrs. Lorraine, gently.

"Well, the last scene, you know, is a small chamber, and the mother and her sick son are asleep. The Blessed Mary glides into the chamber, and bends over the young man, and puts her hand lightly on his heart. Then she smiles and disappears. The mother has seen all this in a dream, and now she awakes, for the dogs are barking loudly. The mother goes over to the bed of her son, and he is dead, and the morning light touches his pale face. And then the mother meekly folds her hands, —and says——"

He rose hastily, with a gesture of fretfulness, and walked over to the window at which Sheila sat, and looked out. She put her hand up to his; he took it.

"The next time I try to translate Heine," he said, making it appear that he had broken off through vexation, "something strange will happen."

"It is a beautiful story," said Mrs. Lorraine, who had herself been crying a little bit, in a covert way; "I wonder I have not seen a translation of it. Come, Mamma, Lady Leveret said we were not to be after four."

So they rose and left; and Sheila was alone with her husband, and still holding his hand. She looked up at him timidly, wondering, perhaps, in her simple way, as to whether she should not now pour out her heart to him, and tell him all her griefs, and fears, and yearnings. He had obviously been deeply moved by the story he had told so roughly; surely now was a good oppor-

tunity of appealing to him, and begging for sympathy and compassion.

"Frank," she said, and she rose, and came close, and bent down her head to hide the colour in her face.

"Well?" he answered.

"You won't be vexed with me," she said, in a low voice, and with her heart beginning to beat rapidly.

"Vexed with you about what, Sheila?" he said.

Alas! all her hopes had fled. She shrank from the wondering look with which she knew he was regarding her. She felt it to be impossible that she should place before him those confidences with which she had approached him; and so, with a great effort, she merely said—

"Are we to go to Lady Leveret's?"

"I suppose so," he said, "unless you would rather go and see some blind fiddler or beggar. Sheila, you should really not be so forgetful; what if Lady Leveret, for example, had come into that shop? You should remember you are a woman, and not a child. Do you ever see Mrs. Kavanagh or her daughter do any of these things?"

Sheila had let go his hand; her eyes were still turned towards the ground. She had fancied that a little of that emotion that had been awakened in him by the story of the German mother and her son might warm his heart towards herself, and render it possible for her to talk to him frankly about all that she had been dimly thinking, and more definitely suffering. She was mistaken; that was all.

"I will try to do better, and please you," she said; and then she went away.

CHAPTER XV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

WAS it a delusion that had grown up in the girl's mind, and now held full possession of it—that she was in a world with which she had no sympathy, that she should never be able to find a home there, that the influences of it were gradually and surely stealing from her

her husband's love and confidence? Or was this longing to get away from the people and the circumstances that surrounded her but the unconscious promptings of an incipient jealousy? She did not question her own mind closely on these points. She only vaguely knew that she was miserable, and that she could not tell her husband of the weight that pressed on her heart.

Here, too, as they drove along to have tea with a certain Lady Leveret, who was one of Lavender's especial patrons, and to whom he had introduced Mrs. Kavanagh and her daughter, Sheila felt that she was a stranger, an interloper, a "third wheel to the cart." She scarcely spoke a word! She looked at the sea; but she had almost grown to regard that great plain of smooth water as a melancholy and monotonous thing—not the bright and boisterous sea of her youth, with its winding channels, its secret bays and rocks, its salt winds, and rushing waves. She was disappointed with the perpetual wall of white cliff, where she had expected to see something of the black and rugged shore of the north. She had as yet made no acquaintance with the sea-life of the place; she did not know where the curers lived, whether they gave the fishermen credit and cheated them, whether the people about here made any use of the back of the dog-fish, or could, in hard seasons, cook any of the wild fowl; what the ling, and the cod, and the skate fetched; where the wives and daughters sat and span and carded their wool; whether they knew how to make a good dish of cockles boiled in milk. She smiled to herself when she thought of asking Mrs. Lorraine about any such things; but she still cherished some vague hope that, before she left Brighton, she would have some little chance of getting near to the sea and learning a little of the sea-life down in the south.

And as they drove along the King's Road on this afternoon, she suddenly called out—

"Look, Frank!"

On the steps of the Old Ship hotel stood a small man with a brown face, a brown beard, and a beaver hat, who was calmly smoking a wooden pipe, and looking at an old woman selling oranges in front of him.

"It is Mr. Ingram!" said Sheila.

"Which is Mr. Ingram?" asked Mrs. Lorraine, with considerable interest, for she had often heard Lavender speak of his friend. "Not that little man!"

"Yes," said Lavender, coldly: he could have wished that Ingram had had some little more regard for appearances in so public a place as the main thoroughfare of Brighton.

"Won't you stop and speak to him?" said Sheila, with great surprise.

"We are late already," said her husband. "But if you would rather go back and speak to him than go on with us, you may."

Sheila said nothing more; and so they drove on to the end of the Parade, where Lady Leveret held possession of a big white house with pillars, overlooking the broad street and the sea.

But next morning she said to him—

"I suppose you will be riding with Mrs. Lorraine this morning?"

"I suppose so."

"I should like to go and see Mr. Ingram, if he is still there," she said.

"Ladies don't generally call at hotels and ask to see gentlemen," he said, with a laugh and a shrug; "but of course you don't care for that."

"I shall not go if you do not wish me."

"Oh, nonsense, Sheila. You may as well go. It will be some amusement for you; for I daresay both of you will immediately go and ask some old cab-driver to have luncheon with you, or buy a nosegay of flowers for his horse."

The permission was not very gracious; but Sheila accepted it, and very shortly after breakfast she changed her dress and went out. How pleasant it was to feel that she was going to see her old friend, to whom she could talk freely! The morning seemed to know of her gladness, and to share in it; for there was a brisk southerly breeze blowing

fresh in from the sea, and the waves were leaping white in the sunlight. There was no more sluggishness in the air, or the grey sky, or the leaden plain of the sea. Sheila knew that the blood was mantling in her cheeks; that her heart was full of joy; that her whole frame so tingled with life and spirit that, had she been in Borva, she would have challenged her deer-hound to a race, and fled down the side of the hill with him to the small bay of white sand below the house. She did not pause for a minute when she reached the hotel. She went up the steps, opened the door, and entered the square hall. There was an odour of tobacco in the place; and several gentlemen standing about rather confused her, for she had to glance at them in looking for a waiter. Another minute would probably have found her a trifle embarrassed; but just at this crisis she saw Ingram himself come out of a room, with a cigarette in his hand. He threw away the cigarette, and came forward to her with amazement in his eyes.

"Where is Mr. Lavender? Has he gone into the smoking-room for me?" he asked.

"He is not here," said Sheila. "I have come for you by myself."

For a moment, too, Ingram felt the eyes of the men on him; but directly he said, with a fine air of carelessness, "Well, that is very good of you. Shall we go out for a stroll until your husband comes?"

So he opened the door, and followed her outside, into the fresh air and the roar of the waves.

"Well, Sheila," he said, "this is very good of you, really: where is Mr. Lavender?"

"He generally rides with Mrs. Lorraine in the morning."

"And what do you do?"

"I sit at the window."

"Don't you go boating?"

"No, I have not been in a boat. They do not care for it. And yesterday, it was a letter to Papa I was writing, and I could tell him nothing about the people here or the fishing."

"But you could not in any case, Sheila. I suppose you would like to know what they pay for their lines, and how they dye their wool, and so on; but you would find the fishermen here don't live in that way at all. They are all civilized, you know. They buy their cloth in the shops. They never eat any sort of seaweed, or dye with it either. However, I will tell you all about it by and by. At present, I suppose you are returning to your hotel."

A quick look of pain and disappointment passed over her face, as she turned to him for a moment, with something of entreaty in her eyes.

"I came to see you," she said. "But perhaps you have an engagement—I do not wish to take up any of your time—if you please, I will go back alone to—"

"Now, Sheila," he said, with a smile, and with the old friendly look she knew so well, "you must not talk like that to me. I won't have it. You know I came down to Brighton because you asked me to come; and my time is altogether at your service."

"And you have no engagement just now?" said Sheila, with her face brightening.

"No."

"And you will take me down to the shore, to see the boats, and the nets? Or could we go out and run along the coast for a few miles? It is a very good wind."

"Oh, I should be very glad," said Ingram, slowly. "I should be delighted. But, you see, wouldn't your husband think it—wouldn't he, you know—wouldn't it seem just a little odd to him if you were to go away like that?"

"He is to go riding with Mrs. Lorraine," said Sheila, quite simply. "He does not want me."

"Of course you told him you were coming to see—you were going to call at the Old Ship?"

"Yes. And I am sure he would not be surprised if I did not return for a long time."

"Are you quite sure, Sheila?"

"Yes, I am quite sure."

"Very well. Now I shall tell you what I am going to do with you. I shall first go and bribe some mercenary boatman to let us have one of those small sailing boats committed to our own exclusive charge. I shall constitute you skipper and pilot of the craft, and hold you responsible for my safety. I shall smoke a pipe to prepare me for whatever may befall——"

"Oh, no," said Sheila. "You must work very hard; and I will see if you remember all that I taught you in the Lewis. And if we can have some long lines, we might get some fish. Will they pay more than thirty shillings for their long lines in this country?"

"I don't know," said Ingram. "I believe most of the fishermen here live upon the shillings they get from passers-by, after a little conversation about the weather, and their hard lot in life; so that one doesn't talk to them more than one can help."

"But why do they need the money? Is there no fish?"

"I don't know that, either. I suppose there is some good fishing in the winter, and sometimes in the summer they get some big shoals of mackerel."

"It was a letter I had last week from the sister of one of the men of the *Nighean-dubh*, and she told me that they have been very lucky all through the last season, and it was near six thousand ling they got."

"But I suppose they are hopelessly in debt to some curer or other up about Habost?"

"Oh no, not at all. It is their own boat—it is not hired to them. And it is a very good boat whatever."

That unlucky 'whatever' had slipped out inadvertently; the moment she had uttered it, she blushed, and looked timidly towards her companion, fearing that he had noticed it. He had not. How could she have made such a blunder? she asked herself. She had been most particular about the avoidance of this word, even in the Lewis. The girl did not know that, from the moment she had left the steps of the Old Ship, in company with this good friend of hers, she had unconsciously fallen into much

of her old pronunciation and her old habit of speech; while Ingram, much more familiar with the Sheila of Borvabost and Loch Roag than with the Sheila of Notting Hill and Kensington Gardens, did not perceive the difference, but was mightily pleased to hear her talk in any fashion whatsoever.

By fair means or foul, Ingram managed to secure a pretty little sailing vessel which lay at anchor out near the New Pier; and when the pecuniary negotiations were over, Sheila was invited to walk down over the loose stones of the beach, and take command of the craft. The boatman was still very doubtful. When he had pulled them out to the boat, however, and put them on board, he speedily perceived that this handsome young lady not only knew everything that had to be done in the way of getting the small vessel ready, but had a very smart and business-like way of doing it. It was very obvious that her companion did not know half as much about the matter as she did; but he was obedient and watchful, and presently they were ready to start. The man put off in his boat to shore again much relieved in mind; but not a little puzzled to understand where the young lady had picked up, not merely her knowledge of boats, but the ready way in which she put her delicate hands to hard work, and the prompt and effectual fashion in which she accomplished it.

"Shall I belay away the jib, or reef the upper hatchways?" Ingram called out to Sheila, when they had fairly got under way.

She did not answer for a moment; she was still watching, with a critical eye, the manner in which the boat answered to her wishes; and then, when everything promised well, and she was quite satisfied, she said—

"If you will take my place for a moment, and keep a good look-out, I will put on my gloves."

She surrendered the tiller and the mainsail sheets into his care, and, with another glance ahead, pulled out her gloves.

"You did not use to fear the salt

water or the sun on your hands, Sheila," said her companion.

"I do not now," she said, "but Frank would be displeased to see my hands brown. He has himself such pretty hands."

What Ingram thought about Frank Lavender's delicate hands he was not going to say to his wife; and, indeed, he was called upon at this moment to let Sheila resume her post, which she did with an air of great satisfaction and content.

And so they ran lightly through the curling and dashing water on this brilliant day, caring little indeed for the great town that lay away to leeward, with its shining terraces surmounted by a faint cloud of smoke. Here all the roar of carriages and people was unheard; the only sound that accompanied their talk was the splashing of the waves at the prow and the hissing and gurgling of the water along the boat. The south wind blew fresh and sweet around them, filling the broad, white sails, and fluttering the small pennon up there in the blue. It seemed strange to Sheila that she should be so much alone with so great a town close by; that under the boom she could catch a glimpse of the noisy Parade without hearing any of its noise. And there, away to windward, there was no more trace of city life—only the great blue sea, with its waves flowing on towards them from out of the far horizon, and with here and there a pale ship just appearing on the line where the sky and ocean met.

"Well, Sheila, how do you like to be on the sea again?" said Ingram, getting out his pipe.

"Oh, very well. But you must not smoke, Mr. Ingram; you must attend to the boat."

"Don't you feel at home in her yet?" he asked.

"I am not afraid of her," said Sheila, regarding the lines of the small craft with the eye of a shipbuilder, "but she is very narrow in the beam, and she carries too much sail for so small a thing. I suppose they have not any squalls on this coast, where you have no hills, and no Narrows to go through."

"It doesn't remind you of Lewis, does it?" he said, filling his pipe all the same.

"A little—out there it does," she said, turning to the broad plain of the sea; "but it is not much that is in this country that is like the Lewis—sometimes I think I shall be a stranger when I go back to the Lewis, and the people will scarcely know me, and everything will be changed."

He looked at her for a second or two. Then he laid down his pipe, which had not been lit, and said to her, gravely—

"I want you to tell me, Sheila, why you have got into a habit lately of talking about many things, and especially about your home in the north, in that sad way. You did not do that when you came to London first; and yet it was then that you might have been struck and shocked by the difference. You had no home-sickness for a long time—but is it home-sickness, Sheila?"

How was she to tell him? For an instant she was on the point of giving him all her confidence; and then, somehow or other, it occurred to her that she would be wronging her husband in seeking such sympathy from a friend as she had been expecting—and expecting in vain—from him.

"Perhaps it is home-sickness," she said, in a low voice, while she pretended to be busy tightening up the mainsail sheet. "I should like to see Borva again."

"But you don't want to live there all 'your life?' he said. "You know that would be unreasonable, Sheila, even if your husband could manage it, and I don't suppose he can. Surely your papa does not expect you to go and live in Lewis always?"

"Oh no," she said, eagerly. "You must not think my papa wishes anything like that. It will be much less than that he was thinking of when he used to speak to Mr. Lavender about it. And I do not wish to live in the Lewis always—I have no dislike to London—none at all—only that—that—"

And here she paused.

"Come, Sheila," he said, in the old paternal way to which she had been

accustomed to yield up all her own wishes in the old days of their friendship, "I want you to be frank with me, and tell me what is the matter. I know there is something wrong; I have seen it for some time back. Now you know I took the responsibility of your marriage on my shoulders; and I am responsible to you, and to your papa and to myself, for your comfort and happiness. Do you understand?"

She still hesitated—grateful in her inmost heart; but still doubtful as to what she should do.

"You look on me as an intermeddler," he said, with a smile.

"No, no!" she said, "you have always been our best friend."

"But I have intermeddled none the less—don't you remember when I told you I was prepared to accept the consequences?"

It seemed so long a time since then!

"And once having begun to intermeddle, I can't stop, don't you see? Now, Sheila, you'll be a good little girl, and do what I tell you. You'll take the boat a long way out, we'll put her head round, take down the sails, and let her tumble about and drift for a time, till you tell me all about your troubles, and then we'll see what can be done."

She obeyed in silence; with her face grown grave enough in anticipation of the coming disclosures. She knew that the first plunge into them would be keenly painful to her; but there was a feeling at her heart that, this penance over, a great relief would be at hand. She trusted this man as she would have trusted her own father. She knew that there was nothing on earth he would not attempt, if he fancied it would help her. And she knew, too, that having experienced so much of his great unselfishness and kindness and thoughtfulness, she was ready to obey him implicitly, in anything that he could assure her was right for her to do.

How far away seemed the white cliffs now, and the faint green downs above them! Brighton, lying further to the west, had become dim and yellow, and over it a cloud of smoke lay thick and brown in the sunlight. A mere

streak showed the line of the King's Road and all its carriages and people; the beach beneath could just be made out by the white dots of the bathing-machines. The brown fishing-boats seemed to be close in shore; the two piers were foreshortened into small dusky masses marking the beginning of the sea. And then, from these distant and faintly-defined objects, out here to the side of the small white-and-pink boat, that lay lightly in the lapping water, stretched that great and moving network of waves, with here and there a sharp gleam of white foam curling over amid the dark blue-green.

Ingram took his seat by Sheila's side, so that he should not have to look in her downcast face; and then, with some little preliminary nervousness and hesitation, the girl told her story. She told it to sympathetic ears; and yet Ingram—having partly guessed how matters stood, and anxious, perhaps, to know whether much of her trouble might not be merely the result of fancies which could be reasoned and explained away—was careful to avoid anything like corroboration. He let her talk in her own simple and artless way; and the girl spoke to him, after a little while, with an earnestness which showed how deeply she felt her position. At the very outset she told him that her love for her husband had never altered for a moment—that all the prayer and desire of her heart was that they two might be to each other as she had at one time hoped they would be, when he got to know her better. She went over all the story of her coming to London, of her first experiences there, of the conviction that grew upon her that her husband was somehow disappointed with her and only anxious now that she should conform to the ways and habits of the people with whom he associated. She spoke of her efforts to obey his wishes, and how heart-sick she was with her failures, and of the dissatisfaction which he showed. She spoke of the people to whom he devoted his life; of the way in which he passed his time; and of the impossibility of her showing him, so long as he thus remained apart from

her, the love she had in her heart for him, and the longing for sympathy which that love involved. And then she came to the question of Mrs. Lorraine; and here it seemed to Ingram she was trying at once to put her husband's conduct in the most favourable light, and to blame herself for her unreasonableness. Mrs. Lorraine was a pleasant companion to him; she could talk cleverly and brightly; she was pretty, and she knew a large number of his friends. Sheila was anxious to show that it was the most natural thing in the world that her husband, finding her so out of communion with his ordinary surroundings, should make an especial friend of this graceful and fascinating woman. And if, at times, it hurt her to be left alone—but here the girl broke down somewhat, and Ingram pretended not to know that she was crying.

These were strange things to be told to a man; and they were difficult to answer. But out of these revelations—which rather took the form of a cry than of any distinct statement—he formed a notion of Sheila's position sufficiently exact; and the more he looked at it, the more alarmed and pained he grew, for he knew more of her than her husband did. He knew the latent force of character that underlay all her submissive gentleness. He knew the keen sense of pride her Highland birth had given her; and he feared what might happen if this sensitive and proud heart of hers were driven into rebellion by some—possibly unintentional—wrong. And this high-spirited, fearless, honour-loving girl—who was gentle and obedient, not through any timidity or limpness of character, but because she considered it her duty to be gentle and obedient—was to be cast aside, and have her tenderest feelings outraged and wounded, for the sake of an unscrupulous, shallow-brained woman of fashion who was not fit to be Sheila's waiting-maid. Ingram had never seen Mrs. Lorraine; but he had formed his own opinion of her. The opinion, based upon nothing, was wholly wrong; but it served to increase, if that were possible, his sympathy with Sheila, and his

resolve to interfere on her behalf at whatever cost.

"Sheila," he said, gravely putting his hand on her shoulder, as if she were still the little girl who used to run wild with him about the Borva rocks, "you are a good woman."

He added to himself that Lavender knew little of the value of the wife he had got; but he dared not say that to Sheila, who would suffer no imputation against her husband to be uttered in her presence, however true it might be, or however much she had cause to know it to be true.

"And after all," he said, in a lighter voice, "I think I can do something to mend all this. I will say for Frank Lavender that he is a thoroughly good fellow at heart; and that when you appeal to him, and put things fairly before him, and show him what he ought to do, there is not a more honourable and straightforward man in the world. I believe, if I wanted money this moment, and it could only be got that way, he would live for a month on bread and water to give it me. He is not selfish, Sheila, but he is thoughtless. He has been led away by these people, you know, and has not been aware of what you were suffering. When I put the matter before him, you will see it will be all right; and I hope to persuade him to give up this constant idling, and take to his work, and have something to live for. I wish you and I together could get him to go away from London altogether—get him to take to serious landscape painting on some wild coast—the Galway coast, for example——"

"Why not the Lewis?" said Sheila, her heart turning to the north as naturally as the needle.

"Or the Lewis. And I should like you and him to live away from hotels, and luxuries, and all such things; and he would work all day, and you would do the cooking, in some small cottage you could rent, you know——"

"You make me so happy in thinking of that," she said, with her eyes growing wet again.

"And why should he not do so? There is nothing romantic or idyllic

about it; but a good, wholesome, plain sort of life, that is likely to make an honest painter of him, and bring both of you some well-earned money. And you might have a boat like this——"

"We are drifting too far in," said Sheila, suddenly rising. "Shall we go back now?"

"By all means," he said; and so the small boat was put under canvas again, and was soon making way through the breezy water.

"Well, all this seems simple enough, doesn't it?" said Ingram.

"Yes," said the girl, with her face full of hope.

"And then of course, when you are quite comfortable together, and making heaps of money, you can turn round and abuse me, and say I made all the mischief to begin with."

"Did we do so before, when you were very kind to us?" she said, in a low voice.

"Oh, but that was different. To interfere on behalf of two young folks who are in love with each other is dangerous; but to interfere between two people who are married—that is a certain quarrel. I wonder what you will say when you are scolding me, Sheila, and bidding me get out of the house. I have never heard you scold. Is it Gaelic or English you prefer?"

"I prefer whichever can say the nicest things to my very good friends, and tell them how grateful I am for their kindness to me."

"Ah, well, we'll see."

When they got back to shore, it was half-past one.

"You will come and have some luncheon with us," said Sheila, when they had gone up the steps and into the King's Road.

"Will that lady be there?"

"Mrs. Lorraine? Yes."

"Then I'll come some other time."

"But why not now?" said Sheila.

"It is not necessary that you will see us only to speak about those things we have been talking over?"

"Oh no, not at all. If you and Mr. Lavender were by yourselves, I should come at once."

"And are you afraid of Mrs. Lor-

raine?" said Sheila, with a smile. "She is a very nice lady indeed—you have no cause to dislike her."

"But I don't want to meet her, Sheila, that is all," he said; and she knew well, by the precision of his manner, that there was no use trying to persuade him further.

He walked along to the hotel with her, meeting a considerable stream of fashionably-dressed folks on the way; and neither he nor she seemed to remember that his costume—a blue pilot-jacket, not a little worn and soiled with the salt-water, and a beaver hat that had seen a good deal of rough weather in the Highlands—was much more comfortable than elegant. He said to her, as he left her at the hotel—

"Would you mind telling Lavender I shall drop in at half-past three, and that I expect to see him in the coffee-room? I shan't keep him five minutes."

She looked at him for a moment; and he saw that she knew what this appointment meant, for her eyes were full of gladness and gratitude. He went away pleased at heart that she put so much trust in him. And in this case, he should be able to reward that confidence; for Lavender was really a good sort of fellow, and would at once be sorry for the wrong he had unintentionally done, and be only too anxious to set it right. He ought to leave Brighton at once, and London too. He ought to go away into the country, or by the seaside, and begin working hard, to earn money and self-respect at the same time; and then, in this friendly solitude, he would get to know something about Sheila's character, and begin to perceive how much more valuable were these genuine qualities of heart and mind than any social graces such as might lighten up a dull drawing-room. Had Lavender yet learnt to know the worth of an honest woman's perfect love and unquestioning devotion? Let these things be put before him, and he would go and do the right thing, as he had many a time done before, in obedience to the lecturing of his friend.

Ingram called at half-past three, and went into the coffee-room. There was

no one in the long, large room; and he sat down at one of the small tables by the windows, from which a bit of lawn, the King's Road, and the sea beyond were visible. He had scarcely taken his seat when Lavender came in.

"Hallo, Ingram, how are you?" he said, in his freest and friendliest way. "Won't you come upstairs? Have you had lunch? Why did you go to the Ship?"

"I always go to the Ship," he said. "No, thank you, I won't go upstairs."

"You are a most unsociable sort of brute!" said Lavender, frankly. "I shall paint a portrait of you some day, in the character of Diogenes, or Apemantus, or some one like that. I should like to do a portrait of you for Sheila—how pleased she would be! Will you take a glass of sherry?"

"No, thank you."

"Will you have a game of billiards?"

"No, thank you. You don't mean to say you would play billiards on such a day as this?"

"It is a fine day, isn't it?" said Lavender, turning to look at the sunlit road and the blue sea. "By the way, Sheila tells me you and she were out sailing this morning. It must have been very pleasant—especially for her, for she is mad about such things. What a curious girl she is, to be sure! Don't you think so?"

"I don't know what you mean by curious," said Ingram, coldly.

"Well, you know, strange—odd—unlike other people in her ways and her fancies. Did I tell you about my aunt taking her to see some friends of hers at Norwood? No? Well, Sheila had got out of the house somehow (I suppose their talking did not interest her), and when they went in search of her, they found her in the cemetery, crying like a child."

"What about?"

"Why," said Lavender, with a smile, "merely because so many people had died. She had never seen anything like that before—you know the small churchyards up in Lewis, with their inscriptions in Norwegian, and Danish, and German. I suppose the first sight of all the white

stones at Norwood was too much for her."

"Well, I don't see much of a joke in that," said Ingram.

"Who said there was any joke in it?" cried Lavender, impatiently. "I never knew such a cantankerous fellow as you are. You are always fancying I am finding fault with Sheila. And I never do anything of the kind. She is a very good girl indeed. I have every reason to be satisfied with the way our marriage has turned out."

"*Has she?*"

The words were not important; but there was something in the tone in which they were spoken that suddenly checked Frank Lavender's careless flow of speech. He looked at Ingram for a moment, with some surprise, and then he said—

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I will tell you what I mean," said Ingram, slowly. "It is an awkward thing for a man to interfere between husband and wife, I am aware. He gets something else than thanks for his pains, ordinarily; but sometimes it has to be done, thanks or kicks. Now, you know, Lavender, I had a good deal to do with helping forward your marriage in the north; and I don't remind you of that to claim anything in the way of consideration, but to explain why I think I am called on to speak to you now."

Lavender was at once a little frightened and a little irritated. He half guessed what might be coming from the slow and precise manner in which Ingram talked. That form of speech had vexed him many a time before; for he would rather have had any amount of wild contention, and bandying about of reproaches, than the calm, unimpassioned, and sententious setting forth of his shortcomings to which this sallow little man was perhaps too much addicted.

"I suppose Sheila has been complaining to you, then?" said Lavender, coldly.

"You may suppose what you like," said Ingram, quietly; "but it would be a good deal better if you would listen

to me patiently, and deal in a common-sense fashion with what I have got to say. It is nothing very desperate. Nothing has happened that is not of easy remedy; while the remedy would leave you and her in a much better position, both as regards your own estimation of yourselves, and the opinion of your friends."

"You are a little roundabout, Ingram," said Lavender, "and ornate. But I suppose all lectures begin so. Go on."

Ingram laughed.

"If I am too formal, it is because I don't want to make mischief by any exaggeration. Look here. A long time before you were married, I warned you that Sheila had very keen and sensitive notions about the duties that people ought to perform—about the dignity of labour—about the proper occupations of a man, and so forth. These notions you may regard as romantic and absurd, if you like; but you might as well try to change the colour of her eyes as attempt to alter any of her beliefs in that direction—"

"And she thinks that I am idle and indolent because I don't care what a washerwoman pays for her candles," said Lavender, with impetuous contempt. "Well, be it so. She is welcome to her opinion. But if she is grieved at heart because I can't make hobnailed boots, it seems to me that she might as well come and complain to myself, instead of going and detailing her wrongs to a third person, and calling for his sympathy in the character of an injured wife."

For an instant the dark eyes of the man opposite him blazed with a quick fire—for a sneer at Sheila was worse than an insult to himself; but he kept quite calm, and said—

"That, unfortunately, is not what is troubling her—"

Lavender rose abruptly, took a turn up and down the empty room, and said—

"If there is anything the matter, I prefer to hear it from herself. It is not respectful to me, that she should call in a third person to humour her whims and fancies—"

"Whims and fancies!" said Ingram, with that dark light returning to his eyes. "Do you know what you are talking about? Do you know that, while you are living on the charity of a woman you despise, and dawdling about the skirts of a woman who laughs at you, you are breaking the heart of a girl who has not her equal in England? Whims and fancies! Good God! I wonder how she ever could have—"

He stopped, but the mischief was done. These were not prudent words to come from a man who wished to step in as a mediator between husband and wife—perhaps they were as unjust as they were imprudent; but Ingram's blaze of wrath—kindled by what he considered the insufferable insolence of Lavender in thus speaking of Sheila—had swept all notions of prudence before it. Lavender, indeed, was much cooler than he was, and said, with an affectation of carelessness—

"I am sorry you should vex yourself so much about Sheila. One would think you had had the ambition yourself, at some time or other, to play the part of husband to her; and doubtless then you would have made sure that all her idle fancies were gratified. As it is, I was about to relieve you from the trouble of further explanation by saying that I was quite competent to manage my own affairs; and that if Sheila has any complaint to make, she must make it to me."

Ingram rose, and was silent for a moment.

"Lavender," he said, "it does not matter much whether you and I quarrel—I was prepared for that, in any case. But I ask you to give Sheila a chance of telling you what I had intended to tell you."

"Indeed, I shall do nothing of the sort. I never invite confidences. When she wishes to tell me anything, she knows I am ready to listen. But I am quite satisfied with the position of affairs as they are at present."

"God help you, then," said his friend, and went away, scarcely daring to confess to himself how dark the future looked.

To be continued.

HOW THE "STABAT MATER" WAS WRITTEN.

AMONGST the mass of mediæval hymns the "Stabat Mater" stands forth prominently. Nothing can surpass the touching simplicity of the Evangelist's words, "Now there stood by the cross of Jesus His Mother," but no paraphrase can excel that of the author of the well-known Sequence. No man has ever interpreted the sorrows of the Mater Dolorosa and sympathised with her in her affliction as the Benedictine monk of the thirteenth century. The most rigid adherent of that most unpoetical form of religion, Protestantism, who has not words enough to denounce the Church of Rome, which he is pleased to call "the Mother of abominations," forgets for a moment that he is listening to a hymn which forms part of the "Officium VII Dolorum," and yields involuntarily to its softening influences. And surely he must be a barbarian if he does not. How beautiful are the verses with which the hymn opens! The painful drama of Calvary is described in sad and solemn words. It seems at first as if the poet cannot find language to express the sorrows of the mourning Mother. Dante describes the unfortunates who for very weeping can weep no more; the Virgin Mother stands at the foot of the Cross in *silent* grief. But the spectacle of her grief overwhelms the poet ere long, and he bursts out, "O quam tristis et afflicta, fuit illa Benedicta, Mater Unigeniti." Once more the poem assumes a dramatic form, but again the poet feels overpowered by his emotions: "Eia Mater fons amoris." He is no longer a mere narrator, he is not satisfied with being an idle spectator, he longs to bear part of the burden that so cruelly oppresses her. Others may shrink from suffering, but he longs for it with unutterable yearnings. His eyes fill with tears, his heart is well-nigh breaking at the thought of it, and his pale lips pour forth a passionate

prayer: "Sancta mater istud agas, Crucifigi fige plagas, Cordi meo valide." This is not a metaphor, or an exaggerated poetical expression; he desires above all things to bear literally in his body the "stigmata of our Lord." And therefore the petition occurs once more at the end of the hymn. The prayer is no more interrupted as it was at first; the agonized soul standing, or rather kneeling, at the foot of the Cross, gives vent to the passion of adoration that consumes it, and as the poem closes we seem to see a bent form refusing to be lifted, and to catch the echo of a voice going forth in endless supplication.

No wonder that this poem became soon after it was written one of the favourite songs of the people. Its author belonged to the world; the hill on which it dwelt was the centre of the moral universe; the emotions which it described were common to humanity. The cry of agony of the pious monk pierced through the walls of his narrow cell, and found a response amongst the masses of Italy and Germany. The unfortunate Albat of Italy and the Flagellantes of Germany—men and women physically ill and mentally diseased—revelled in this most eloquent deification of suffering. As they went on their long pilgrimages, as they knelt at the shrines of the Virgin Mother, or paused on the way before some crucifix once erected by pious hands, they sang with trembling voice the hymn of the Mater Dolorosa. And no doubt the tears streamed down many a face, and many a heart throbbed violently—for there were few in that multitude who had not to mourn over the loss of some one dear and near—as the melancholy chant drew to a close. But if anything could have consoled them it would have been the thought of that "Mater Dolorosa fons amoris" who had suffered more than anyone else, and therefore

knew what suffering was, and whose arms were always open to receive her weary children on her bosom that they might find comfort and rest.

The translations of this hymn are numerous. But a translation is generally a mutilation. It is certain that no translation can give an idea of the original. These *versus leonini* cannot be rendered; one forgets all about the curious Latin in which they were written, or about the peculiar expressions which they contain. There is a certain monotony and melancholy about the rhythm in keeping with the theme. Its very form impresses you as if you were listening to a mournful minor; it is all throughout one great cry of grief.

It needed scarcely to be set to music, but it has found many composers. A melody was soon attached to it by the Church, and has clung to it ever since. And as composers came into existence, they one by one treated it with solemn elaborate richness. Josquin de Près, in the fifteenth century, and Palestrina in the sixteenth—each the Prince of Music of his day—were among the first. The sombre Astorga, who drew the inspiration for his music from the scaffold, followed. Pergolesi, of whose composition it was said that "the angels could not help weeping as he listened to it," conceived the idea of his music when involuntarily witnessing an execution, and the intense grief of the survivor, and wrote it in an isolated spot at the foot of fiery Vesuvius, with the shadow of death hovering over him. Rossini was the last of the series. But on the gay boulevards of Paris one cannot learn to understand the sufferings of the "Mater Dolorosa." The music of Rossini is a parody; one seems to see the picture of Anonyma, grieved about the loss of one of her lovers, and even before the close of her petulant outburst one feels inclined to exclaim, "Calmez-vous, Madame, vous vous consolerez bientôt."

But it is time that we should look at the author of the hymn, and the circumstances under which he wrote it. On a hill on the left bank of the Tiber, in the midst of the charming scenery of Umbria, stands the old Etruscan town

Tudertum. It was known for the strength of its castle, its three walls, the most imposing of which was built by its founders, and for the warlike spirit of its inhabitants. It was here that some time in the first half of the thirteenth century Jacob Bendetti was born. His family was well known, and belonged to the nobility, so that the boy was brought up in the midst of a society accustomed to wealth and luxury. He was educated with care, and at the proper time sent to the famous University of Bologna. His career had been chosen for him; he was to devote himself to the study of jurisprudence. The chief object of the study of law is to learn how to evade it, and the students of Bologna seem to have been adepts in this art. Giacomo refers in one of his poems to his university, without manifesting any of the proverbial love for his "Alma Mater." "If you wish to talk and to chatter, if you care not to do your duty," he says, "you may succeed with the wisdom gathered at Bologna, but even this is doubtful. It will but stimulate your desires, and lead you to search more and more and increase your ambition, and the end of it all will be pain and sorrow."

We know not in what way Giacomo spent his days at college, or what influences were brought to bear upon him. He does not seem to have distinguished himself in any particular way, and after having passed through the usual course he established himself as a lawyer in his native town. Italy was then, what England is now, the paradise of lawyers. It is most likely that Giacomo, owing to the influence of his family and his own talents and energy, would have succeeded in his profession. He might easily have become the chief of Tudertine lawyers, and then after some years of splendid practice he would have retired and, unless connected with some famous quarrel, most likely been forgotten. Everything seemed to point in this direction. He got soon settled, and married a woman whom *The Chronicle* describes as "moglie giovane e bella ma timorosa di Dio." Giacomo seemed destined to become the father of a

family, and to become at the very best the model of a lawyer and of a family man. But Heaven willed it otherwise, for he was one of the elect, and the hour comes sooner or later when they become conscious of the Divine presence within them, and shake off the dust that defiles them, and rise from the ground as regenerate men.

On a certain day a great ball was given in the town, at which the wife of Giacomo was present. Giacomo remained at home. Whilst engaged in his work a message reached him that his wife was dying. He ran through the streets, and arrived before she was dead. But within a few moments she breathed her last in his arms, and as he took off her clothing he discovered that she wore on her body a coarse garment of hair. The sudden death of his young and beautiful wife in the spring of life, with the promise of a brilliant summer slowly deepening into the mellow glories of autumn, gave him a shock from which he never recovered, and destroyed the balance of his nervous system for ever. The difference between one man and another is that one is mad with method in his madness and that the other is mad without any method. A complete change came over Giacomo; he gave up his practice, severed himself from the connections which he had formed, and said farewell to the life which he had hitherto led. In the midst of the dumb sorrow in which he was plunged he seemed ever to hear a voice telling him to go and sell all that he had and to give it to the poor, in order that he might have treasure in heaven. He resolved to obey the command in the most literal sense, and henceforth to live for heaven alone.

Such a resolution created necessarily a great sensation in a town where he was so well known. It is not astonishing that the *gamins*, as they saw the once respectable lawyer go through the streets bareheaded and barefooted, with a coarse garment around him, and a strange unearthly fire in his eyes, all the more visible because of the wan haggard face out of which they shone, should have saluted him with the name

of Jacopone, "silly Jack." As for himself he was proud of the title, and he adopted it joyfully. "My brother," he said, "thinks that he will reflect honour on our name by his cleverness; I shall do so by my madness." "Holy madness," he called it, and satirically he said of it in one of his poems: "Whoever has made himself a madman for the Lord's sake has obtained great wisdom. In Paris they do not like this philosophy, and he that becomes a fool for Christ's sake can expect nothing but vexation and grief. Yet withal he is elected as Doctor of Philosophy and Divinity." In one word, he deemed it his chiefest glory to be beside himself for the sake of his Lord, and to be accounted a fool because of Christ, and it was this desire which made of him a Christian Diogenes. A characteristic story is told, which reveals more of the temper in which he was than the most detailed description. A relation of his requested him to carry a pair of chickens to his house. A few hours later he got home and found to his surprise that the chickens had not arrived. When questioning Jacopone about the affair, the answer was that he had put them in the church before the family vault—"for their sepulchres shall be their homes," said he, quoting a passage from one of the Psalms.

But sorrow did more than unhinge parts of his nature. It knocked at doors hitherto closed, and opened chambers as yet unfrequented. The overwhelming grief stirring him to the very heart's core, opened a fount of emotion which in the past had been sealed. He looked within and thought that he would find a grave, but behold he found a heaven. Sorrow did not, indeed, make him a poet, but it revealed to him that he was one. The Madonna and her Divine Child became the objects of his love, and amongst all his poems there are none more exquisite than those addressed to her. It was most probably in one of his sleepless nights, when the Cross was pressing heavily upon him, that he wrote the "Stabat Mater," every line of which seems dipped in his heart's blood. And verily the Madonna rewarded him, for

he became chief among the spiritual troubadours of Italy.

After some time he applied for admittance to the Convent of the Franciscans. But the monks had no need of an additional madman; there were plenty of them there already. However, they would certainly have refused admittance to the holy Franciscus himself; and it is therefore not strange that Giacomo's request should have been denied. Two poems which he wrote opened to him at length the gates of the cloister. One of them was called "*Udite Nova Pazzia*," and commences thus: "Listen to a new folly that has come in my mind. I should like to be dead, because I have led a wrong life." The other poem was written in Latin, and its title was "*Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria*." "Say where is Solomon with all his glory, and Samson before whom the enemy fled, and beautiful Absalom clothed in fine garments, and Jonathan whose heart beat warmly for his friend? And where is Cæsar now who was once a great general, and the rich man who delighted in the banquet hall; where will you find Tullius with the eloquent tongue, and Aristoteles unique in intellect? . . . Call not thine own the things of this world, she soon takes from you what she gave you. Lift up thy heart towards God, in the Ether let it rest. Happy he, who despises the world and hates it." After this the monks welcomed him cordially, and about the year 1278 he became a member of the order of the Franciscans.

He loved his cell. "O my dear cell," he once wrote, "let me ever dwell in thee, thou dost attract me like a magnet; thou art my guardian, and thou lookest at me so fondly that I will never leave thee." It is needless to say that he practised the most terrible austerities. The garment of the order was scarcely coarse enough, or the daily meal frugal enough, for the man of the world, who had once been the favourite child of fortune. A story is told in confirmation of his austerity. One day he wished to have some meat. To punish himself he bought a piece which he hung up in

his cell and left there till it had become quite putrid. In this atmosphere he spent many a day, till at length a member of the order visited his cell, and had the obnoxious object removed.

He did more, however, than continue in secret the eccentricities which had once delighted the little boys of Todi. In the solitude of his cell he wrote those poems which have procured for him, not an ephemeral fame, but an undying glory. For, with the exception of two, he wrote them in the language of the people, and in the dialect of his native Umbria, so that the peasants and the very lowest of the people could read and understand. And thereby he made the cloister a power in the land.

We have seen how he despised learning. Here is another wild exclamation: "I will turn away from Plato, and let him waste his breath; I will despise the tricks of Aristoteles, for they are not productive of gain, and they lead to misery. Simple pure understanding can be obtained without them, and the face of the Lord can be seen without the aid of philosophy." Looking at his sacred poems one will generally find that, unlike the ancient hymns, they are not disfigured by dogmatics. He might have adopted the words of Neander as his motto: "It is the heart which makes the theologian." If it is necessary to assign him a place in one of the schools, he must be ranked among the Mystics. But what is mysticism if it is not the avowal that the human heart is greater than theology or any ology whatever; that religion is a great holy emotion defying chemical analysis, and refusing to be shut up within the stifling atmosphere of creed and dogma; that the heaven-born soul can find its way towards heaven without the aid of earth-made crutches? Jacopone placed himself on his knees and looked in his heart, and wrote down what he saw and felt. It is therefore that the Psalms of the East still find an echo on Western shores, and therefore the burning lyrics of Giacomo will never be forgotten. Are they not full of blemishes? They are indeed. His muse, walking so oft on

the unsullied pavement of heaven amongst the Brides of the Lamb, is frequently seen amidst the *dames de la Halle*, pressing a loud-sounding kiss on their coarse lips. He has placed Billingsgate in the very centre of "Jerusalem the Golden." It is true that allowance must be made for the atmosphere in which he lived: the times were barbarous, and disgusting things were called by disgusting names, and Truth went about naked, for the modest generation had not yet been born that compelled her to wear a garment, and there were no Elises or Louises, or whatever their names may be, to dress her up so that it is well nigh impossible to distinguish her from her younger sister, Falsehood. After all, who remembers the eccentricities of the monk and occasional coarseness of the poet, when he thinks of the manly heart, the undaunted courage, the simplicity of mind, the straightforwardness of character, the exceeding tenderness of feeling, and the passion of love which distinguished the Franciscan from those around him? One day he was found weeping, and when asked the reason of his tears he exclaimed: "I weep because Love goes about unloved." Who can help kissing the pale lips that spoke such words?

Read his description of the struggle between body and soul, concluding with the body asking merely for life and nothing else. Listen to the pathetic words which he puts into the mouth of Christ: "My son, I have reason to complain because thou fleest from me day after day. And I desire thy salvation, therefore avoid me no longer. I have followed thee for a long time; I shall give thee my kingdom, and take away all things that might hurt thee, and pay the debts which in thy blindness thou hast incurred." Sometimes he is greatly troubled: "Woe unto me, my heart is cold and idle. Why do I not sigh for the pangs of love, that they may kill me? I find not the loved one in things created." And then he encourages himself: "Did not God create the soul that it might dwell in a state of high nobility? Shall it

then grovel in the dust? If the royal daughter of France, dressed in kingly garments, and with the prospect of a throne, stooped to a low courtship, what would men say?" And he exhorts himself: "Wilt thou find love, thou must cherish with a pure heart true humility. Lowly contempt of self leads to every virtue." And he prays: "O let me rather die than hurt thee any longer. I see no change in me; pronounce the sentence, for I am long since under condemnation." Or, "Intoxicated with love, let me wind my arms so tightly around thee that nothing can loosen them. Let me impress deeply thy image on my heart, so that I may escape from the path of the wicked." And at last he is at rest, and he triumphs: "I rest and yearn no more, for I have seen the Lamb, and my reason dwells in peace in the bosom of the highest unity." And in his madness of joy he plucks a flower from the border-land of Pantheism: "My soul shall rest in the heart of God. Plunged in the depths of a great lake, it will find no possibility of escape."

His prose writings are few. The following, he says, is an evidence that we have the love of God within us. "If we ask for something and we receive it not, and love God all the more, or if we obtain the very opposite of our request, and yet love God twice as much as before, then we love Him indeed." A parable of his deserves to be mentioned: "A maiden had five brothers; one was a musician, the second was a painter, the third was a merchant, the fourth was a cook, and the fifth a scene-painter. She had a beautiful diamond which all the brothers wanted. The first came to her and said, 'Let me buy it.' 'What will you give me for it?' she asked. 'I will play you a beautiful tune,' he answered. 'But what shall I do,' was the reply, 'when the tune is over?' She therefore refused his request. The other brothers were likewise denied. At last came a prince, and when asked what would be his payment, he answered, 'I will marry you, you shall be mine.' Whereupon she gave him the dia-

mond." The diamond is the soul, and the five brothers are the five senses. The Royal Suitor is the King of kings, who demands the soul for himself, and whose call she obeys with gladness.

Unfortunately for Jacopone, he did not confine himself to writing sacred poetry. Sobered down and softened though he was as years went on, the traditions of his family, and the mental discipline through which he had passed as a lawyer, combined with his fiery temperament, would not allow him to confine himself to spiritual exercises, and to be cramped for ever by the walls of the cloister. With biting satire he assailed the sins and vices of the Church and the world. He tells us how Poverty knocked at the doors of the prelates to see whether she would be admitted, and was mercilessly beaten when she attempted to enter. Jesus Christ weeps and laments when He looks at His fallen Church, where sin and ingratitude have taken up their abode. "Where are the Fathers exalted in faith? Where are the Prophets, messengers of hope? Where are the Apostles full of love? Where are the Martyrs without fear or blame? Where are the Prelates just and pure? Where are the Doctors skilled in doctrine and in wisdom?" Jacopone looks around him and discovers nothing but bastards.

At this time a serious disturbance about the Papal chair and a split in the Franciscan order occupied his mind. Celestin V. had died, and it was supposed that his successor, Boniface VIII., had been instrumental in hastening his death. The former had been a saint, and Jacopone, who most probably thought that a saint would never make a good Pope, had warned him not to accept the patrimony of St. Peter. "Pier da Morron, thou art brought to the test. If thou forsakest God for such a morsel, thy short existence will be a curse. . . . Alas, my heart has suffered deeply: when thou saidst 'I will,' thou hast taken a burden which will be an everlasting torment to thee." The unfortunate Pier listened not to the advice and came to an untimely death.

Suspicion, as I have already said, attached to Boniface VIII., and the opposition to his succession was headed by the Colonnas. Jacopone joined them in their fortress of Palestrina, and signed his name as a witness to a document drawn up by them in answer to a Papal invitation to attend a Council. Subsequently Palestrina was laid siege to, and in the month of September of the year 1298 it surrendered. The Pope had every reason to dislike and to fear Jacopone. His sympathies were with the strict order amongst the Franciscans, cordially disliked by the worldly Pope; he wielded a pen more dangerous than the sword of the Colonnas, and he used it pitilessly and unsparingly. As a matter of course the monk who would never consent to any compromise when Justice was on her trial, was imprisoned. He rejoiced in it, and wrote a song of victory. In one of his poems he asks: "Jacopone, how will it fare with thee? thou art put to the test," and then he describes the treatment he had to undergo, from which it is clear that his life was one of great hardship.

He could have borne it all, brave-hearted as he was and used to suffering, had it not been for the excommunication, which weighed heavily on him. "Oh listen to my prayer and speak the absolving word. I shall gladly bear all other punishments till the hour of my death." He felt himself completely isolated from the religious world; he longed to feel the arms of his spiritual Mother around his suffering form, and to hear a word of counsel and encouragement. It seemed to him that he had been left alone to die. And at a moment, too, when the city of Rome could hardly contain the numberless pilgrims that flocked to her temples from all quarters of the globe. It was the year of the jubilee, the dawning of another century, and this John the Baptist lay languishing in prison. And for once the strong man quailed, and almost supplicated the Pope to release him. "Why, O Shepherd, dost thou not pity me, and listen to my loud

weeping? Take from me the curse which separates me from the congregation. Is the punishment not enough which I bear? Inflict other sufferings if it pleases thee." But his complaint died away unheeded. The embittered Jacopone took up his pen and launched forth his satires against the Pope. And one day when Boniface passed the prison and called out through the bars, "Jacopone, when shalt thou leave this prison?" he answered, "When thou shalt have entered it."

The words proved to be prophetic. Three years later Boniface was in prison, and before the end of the year Jacopone was in a cell of the Convent at Cellarino. Sheltered by its walls from the surrounding world, he spent the last days of his stormy life in peace. At the end of the year 1306 he fell seriously ill. As he was on the point of death the brethren wished to give him the sacrament. But he said that he would receive it from no one except from his beloved Janne dell' Aversa. And hardly had he finished singing the hymn "Anima O benedetta," beginning "O soul on whom the Creator has bestowed plentiful salvation, consider thy Lord on the Cross waiting to heal thee," when his friend, who lived at a great distance and who was ignorant of the illness of Jacopone, entered the room. He received the sacrament from his hands, and murmuring, "Jesù nostra fidanza, del cuor somma speranza," he fell asleep in the night specially sacred to those he had loved so well—the Madonna and her Child.

The following epitaph was written on him:—

"Ossa B. Jacoponi de Benedictis,
Tudertini Fr. Ordinis Minorum
Qui stultus propter Christum,
Nova Mundum Arte delusit,
Et Cælum rapuit.

Obdormivit in Domino die XXV Decembris
Anno MCCCVI."

His works were edited by Tresatti, who added a copious commentary to them. To enter into a detailed criticism of his poems would require a large space. Apart from this, it is quite a

secondary duty of the critic to pronounce judgment on a work of past times. His task is to merge his individuality in that of the person to be described; to put himself entirely in his place; to live, if possible, his life, and to breathe the spirit of the times in which his lot was cast. After having done so he stands aloof, and points out how the moral and intellectual phenomena brought to light are in accordance with laws as certain and as fixed as those of the physical world, if we but knew them. As yet we know but in part, and hence there is room for mistakes and surprise; but when we shall know fully, the only source of astonishment left to humanity will be the fact that it ever was astonished.

The one great hymn of Jacopone has sufficed to lift him from the ranks of the dead immortals to those who stand forth in living immortality. And after him came the Atlas of the Middle Ages, Dante Alighieri. The Franciscan monk was his prophet.¹

ALEXANDER SCHWARTZ.

¹ The following is a list of Jacopone's works:—The edition of Tresatti divides his poetical works into seven books, viz., Book I. *Le Satire*; Book II. *I Cantici Morali*; Book III. *Le Odi*; Book IV. *I Cantici penitentiali*; Book V. *Theorica del divino amore*; Book VI. *Cantici spirituali amatorii*; Book VII. *Segreto spirituale*. The titles of his prose works are as follows:—*Quando homo potest scire quod sit in charitate*; *De humilitate*; *quomodo homo pervenit ad sui contemptum*; *De triplici animae statu*; *De quatuor pugnis animae*; *De reformatione sensuum similitudo*; *De studio animae ad virtutes*; *De quaestione inter rationem et conscientiam*; *De quinque scutis patientiae*. It will be observed that Tresatti's edition does not contain the "Stabat Mater." This omission does not, however, favour the supposition that it was not written by Jacopone. Tresatti does not mention "Cur Mundus," which is undoubtedly from the pen of Jacopone. As the latter is the only other Latin poem which he wrote, I transcribe the first and last verses:—

"Cur Mundus militat sub vana gloria
Cujus prosperitas est transitoria,
Tam cito labitur ejus potentia
Quam vasa figuli quae sunt fragilia.
Nil tuum dixeris quod potes perdere
Quod mundus tibi intendit rapere,
Superna cogita, cor sit in aethere,
Felix qui potuit mundum continere."

THE USE AND ABUSE OF HOSPITALS.

II.

In a former paper upon this subject (April 1872) I showed how large is the number of persons who annually apply for gratuitous medical relief at our hospitals and dispensaries, and at what an alarming rate this number is increasing, and I indicated what appears to me to be one remedy for this unsatisfactory state of things, and recommended the establishment on a large scale of provident medical institutions. I propose now to follow the subject up a little further, to adduce a few more statistics, and to enter somewhat more at length into the other remedies that I would venture to suggest.

The number of free hospitals and dispensaries in the metropolis is just over 100, and the applicants who annually apply to them for relief cannot be estimated at less than 800,000; in all probability they are nearer 1,000,000. I have lately gone carefully through the returns of the expenditure of these numerous institutions, and I find that it amounts to about 440,000*l.* per annum. This is exclusive of the numerous homes and convalescent establishments, some of which approach very closely in their character to the hospitals. Many of these homes are of a private or semi-private character, and publish no report of their disbursements. If we could include all these in our statistics, we should not be far wrong in saying that the amount of money annually expended upon the sick and the suffering in London alone, as the result of private benevolence and voluntary charity, is little short of 500,000*l.*

But these figures do not represent the total number of the sick poor, or the whole amount of the money which is spent upon them within the metropolitan area, for it takes no account of

those who are assisted from the rates. In the form in which the Poor Law Reports are presented to us it is not easy to ascertain the exact number of individuals relieved in the metropolis during the course of the year. But after a careful analysis of the figures given, we arrive at the following conclusions:—In 1870 about 150,000 persons were so assisted. In August of that year over 16,000, or more than one-tenth of the whole number, were receiving medical relief, either as in or out-patients. In the same year we find that over 830,000*l.* was expended on the in-maintenance and out-relief of paupers in the metropolis. This is exclusive of the sum spent on salaries and the support of lunatics. If we take one-tenth of this amount, *i.e.* 83,000*l.*, we shall certainly be under-rating, rather than over-rating the sum expended annually upon the sick paupers.

This represents the rate-supported medical charity of the metropolis, and so much has been done of late years to improve and extend the accommodation made for sick paupers that the most exacting could hardly expect the rate-payers to do more for them.

If now we recapitulate in a single sentence the statistics already given, we obtain a startling view of the number of sick poor within the metropolitan district, and of the money which is annually spent upon them. The population of London, as ascertained by the last Census, being 3,250,000, the number of the sick poor cannot be less than 816,000, and the cost of their medical relief amounts to at least 523,000*l.* per annum. And this, be it remembered, without including lunatic asylums, convalescent homes, and many other minor and private medical charities.

In all these calculations I have been

careful not to overstate my case, and yet the resulting figures present us with a state of things which cannot be deemed satisfactory.

When the country is prosperous, when work is abundant, when wages are high, it is surely very serious, if not alarming, to find so large a proportion of the lower and lower middle class making no provision for themselves in anticipation of the time of sickness, which sooner or later is almost certain to come; but relying entirely upon the assistance which they hope to obtain from their neighbours when the exigency arrives. In plain words, about one-fourth of the population depends upon the charity of the other three-fourths in a matter which is as much their own care and concern as the education of their children, although the latter may perhaps be allowed to have a prior claim.

This evil might, I believe, be remedied to a very great extent by the establishment of institutions based upon the principle of mutual assurance, whether they are called provident dispensaries, sick clubs, or by any other name. Such institutions would not merely remove a source of danger, but they would create a positive good. They would give to all those who enrolled themselves as members an inducement for regular work and continuous thrift, and they would help to interest the working classes in the permanence of existing social institutions. If the opportunities for the well-to-do poor to insure themselves against sickness were one-tenth part as numerous as the facilities at present afforded them to ruin their health at the gin-shop, the most zealous advocate of medical reform could scarcely ask for more, and my wishes on this point would be fully realized.

But there are difficulties in the way of these alterations. Let us now consider what they are; and this will give me an opportunity of explaining how, as I think, the Poor Law Service, the hospitals, and the provident sick societies might all work together with much mutual benefit, and greatly to the advantage of the commonwealth.

There is an obstacle which meets us at the outset, whenever we propose any change in the existing arrangements of the hospitals, and it is this, that it requires some self-denial on the part of both the managers and the medical officers to sanction an alteration whereby the number of applicants would be diminished to any considerable extent. It is only natural that those benevolent gentlemen who give largely, both of their money and of their time, to support and to manage a hospital, should wish to see the institution prosper; and we have got into the way of thinking that the chief test of prosperity is the number of applicants for admission. Thus it is almost thought necessary to offer some explanation if the number of patients one year is smaller than it was the year before; and an ever-increasing muster-roll is taken as a subject of congratulation. Surely, if this be so, it is allowing a mistaken charity to over-ride our patriotism—it is to congratulate ourselves upon what is in fact a mark of social decay, and of the unsatisfactory relation in which different classes stand towards one another. Strange as it may seem to some, it is clear to all thoughtful men that, if any amelioration is going on in the social condition of the lower orders, the dole-giving charities—whether their doles are bread, or blankets, or medical advice—ought to be diminishing the circle of their gifts, and not enlarging it. Thus the managers of the hospitals, when called upon to initiate a reform, are asked to impose a self-denying ordinance upon themselves. They are asked to allow their numbers to be diminished, and some of their applicants draughted off to other institutions. And a similar self-denial is required of the medical men. At present the great majority of hospitals either give them no salary at all, or else a most inadequate one. The return which they obtain for their services is the experience which they acquire. The more patients that present themselves the larger is their field of observation, and the more likelihood is there that something will turn

up of unusual interest or importance. It might be said of them, as Sydney Smith said of the clergy, that they are paid by lottery tickets. They toil through the drudgery of numberless ordinary cases for the sake of the comparatively small number of interesting and important ones which present themselves; for it is by these latter that their experience is really enlarged, and that they obtain the means of making themselves known through the medium of medical literature. To ask the medical men, therefore, to support any reform which would curtail the number of their patients, is to ask them to forego one of the main advantages which they derive from their connection with those institutions.

These are the initial difficulties to which we have alluded. The first steps towards reform appear to be retrogressive, and to impose some self-denial on all parties connected with the hospital. But I hope to show that under the alterations which I propose all the really critical and difficult cases would find their way to the hospital, and that from a larger area and upon a better organized system than at present. My professional brethren need not fear that I am unmindful of their interests; while to the managers of hospitals, whose aim it is to do the greatest amount of good and the least amount of harm with the money placed at their disposal, I would venture to say that the suggestions I am about to offer would rid the hospitals of many of their present evils and would enhance their real value. There might, no doubt, be a considerable diminution in the numbers attending the out-patient department, but there would be no diminution in the charity exercised. The gifts would be of the same money value as heretofore, but they would be distributed over a smaller area and with a more discriminating hand.

Having thus pointed out the hindrances to hospital reform, I venture now to indicate the direction which, in my opinion, such reforms ought to take.

First of all, the services of the medical men ought to receive proper acknow-

ledgment. They ought to be relieved from anything like a personal interest in the mere number of the patients resorting to the hospital. They should be freed from the excessive recurrence of ordinary and trivial cases that now occupy so much of their time, and yet they should have a guarantee that the more important cases, which are necessary for educational purposes, as well as to extend their own professional knowledge, will find their way into their hands.

The way having thus been cleared by an act of justice to the medical men, we should be able to consider what would be the best mode of dealing with the 800,000 who now apply every year to the hospitals and dispensaries. In the first place, we must look the fact in the face that such splendid charities are quite certain to be abused unless some check is imposed. It is idle to suppose that when half-a-million of money is to be distributed yearly, there will not be many hands held out to receive it who have no claim to the gift. The experience derived from other dole-giving charities corroborates this statement. And, besides those who knowingly impose upon the charity, there are others who apply to the hospital in sheer ignorance, having no idea of the proper scope of such institutions, but with a vague notion that everyone has the right to resort to them for the best advice.

The proper clients for the hospitals may be easily defined in general terms. They are those who are raised above the level of pauperism on the one hand, but who on the other hand are not able to pay even the lowest scale of medical charges, and who cannot reasonably be expected to provide for themselves in time of sickness. But though the section of society whom the hospitals are intended to assist may be thus readily defined, I admit that it is not always easy to say in the case of a particular individual whether he does, or does not, belong to this section. Even now, in theory, every one who is relieved is supposed to do so, but in fact it is far otherwise. How, then, are we to

discriminate between those who are and those who are not proper subjects for gratuitous medical charity? Surely such an important duty ought not to be entrusted to the hall-porters. Nor is it reasonable to expect that the out-patient physicians and surgeons, whose attention is occupied by the medical details of the cases that pass rapidly before them, should have leisure to inquire into the social condition of the applicants. Here and there they may weed out a glaring instance of abuse, but more than this is quite beyond their power. What is needed is that, with the exception of accidents and cases of emergency, all applicants should have to pass before a competent officer specially charged with the duty of ascertaining that their position and circumstances are such as to entitle them to hospital treatment. Such an officer should be altogether raised above the class of the applicants themselves. He should be a man of some education and refinement, of a kind and forbearing disposition, but at the same time possessed of firmness, discernment of character, and tact. He should be thoroughly acquainted with the neighbourhood, and with all the charitable agencies in the surrounding parishes. Perhaps this officer might occupy the position of under-secretary to the hospital, with such assistants under him as might be found necessary: or the duty might be relegated to a special department of the secretary's office. I cannot imagine that there would be any great difficulty in carrying out such a system of inquiry if the managing committee and the medical staff were bent upon it.

Let us picture to ourselves how the scrutiny would be conducted. Given such an officer as I have suggested, we will suppose the applicants to be passing into his office one by one. The first is a carpenter, who has just cut himself severely at his work, hard by the hospital; the case is regarded as urgent, and he is passed at once. The second has been discharged from the hospital, where he has spent some weeks as an in-patient, and he has been directed to attend the out-patient department that his cure may be

perfected. He also is passed as a matter of course. The third is a middle-aged widow. She is asked where she lives, what rent she pays, what family she has, and how she earns her livelihood. Her answers are deemed satisfactory, and she is permitted to enter. The fourth is a gentleman's footman. He is told that the hospital is not intended for such as he is, and that, if he spoke to his master, he would probably send him to his own medical attendant. The fifth is a skilled mechanic in regular work, earning forty shillings a week, and with no one to provide for but himself. He is asked whether he belongs to a Sick Club or Provident dispensary. No—he never heard of such societies. Accordingly a printed paper is given to him, containing information respecting the Provident medical institutions of the neighbourhood, and he is recommended to apply to one of them. The sixth is a retail tradesman. He is asked whether he could not afford to pay a general practitioner. He admits that he could, but says he has come to the hospital because he wishes to get the best advice. He is referred to a competent medical man in his locality, with the assurance that, if he should ultimately require it, a note from the general practitioner will secure him hospital treatment. The seventh is an old man, who is evidently so destitute that he requires the necessaries of life more than medicine, and he is accordingly referred to the relieving officer and to the parochial medical man. The eighth is a well-to-do woman with a glib tongue and a plausible story, who comes from a distant part of the metropolis. She is allowed to pass for this time only, and is told that inquiries will be made respecting her, on the result of which will depend her admission the next time she presents herself. Such inquiries are made through the Charity Organization Society, and it is found that her story is wholly untrue, and that she is well able to pay a general practitioner. The ninth is a lady-like looking girl, neatly dressed, and expressing herself like a person of education and refinement. At first sight she seems above

the level of hospital patients; but on inquiry she describes herself as an orphan whom adverse circumstances have reduced to penury. She gives a reference to a neighbouring clergyman. Her story is found to be true. She is passed and welcomed. The tenth is a boy in a shoeblack's uniform, whose badge is well known to the inquiry officer. He is allowed to enter without hesitation. The eleventh is a potman, the twelfth a labourer, neither of whom earns so much as twenty shillings a week; some inquiry having been made, they are admitted. The thirteenth gives an address in a very poor court, and is passed on the faith of his statements; but subsequent investigation proves that he has given a false address, and that he is unknown in the neighbourhood.

Such examples might easily be multiplied. These may be taken as types, and they are sufficient to indicate what would be the working of the system I venture to propose. In this way the applicants might be sifted with all needful rapidity. Anyone who knows how long patients are now detained in the waiting rooms, in consequence of the vast numbers who apply, will not see any cause to fear that the delay would be greater than it now is.

After the officer had passed the applicants he would have to write notes of inquiry, or to go out and make some investigations in person; or, if the hospital were a large one, he would have to direct his assistants to make these inquiries. His time would thus be fully occupied. Correspondence, personal investigation, and receiving the applicants would fill the working hours of the day.

But it may be objected that such a system would create fresh machinery, and impose additional expenditure upon the hospitals. Unquestionably it would. But I maintain that the abuse of hospitals has reached such a point that some remedy ought to be devised, and I hold that the money thus expended would be well spent—spent in the interests of true charity—in establishing such an organized system of inquiry.

A charge of about 2 per cent upon the income of the hospital would probably be amply sufficient to carry out the system effectually; and if the number of those admitted to out-patient treatment was curtailed, a great part of this sum would be saved in the diminution of the drug-bill. Probably if some such system of organized inquiry became general, and hospitals were willing to co-operate with one another in putting down the evils under which they all more or less suffer, the expense might be considerably diminished. The preliminary steps would be very much facilitated by the existence of such an association as the Charity Organization Society, with its numerous district branches ready to assist in the work; and in process of time experience would show how it could be most efficiently and most economically carried out. And more than this, I believe there are many persons who would support the hospitals with still greater liberality if they felt sure that their money would be distributed with a discerning hand.

If such discrimination as this were exercised, if the circumstances of the applicants were in some degree ascertained, more might perhaps be done for them than is at present possible. Their fitness for hospital treatment being certified, they might sometimes be supplied with what are technically called medical comforts, which are often much more needed than medicine. At Charing Cross Hospital, thanks to the benevolence of a society of gentlemen, who style themselves the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, we have it in our power to order for a limited number of the most destitute of our out-patients a substantial dinner or a diet suited to their case. The advantage of such a resource is often very great, and the boon to the patient incalculable. At the National Hospital for the Paralysed, a committee of ladies distribute clothing, meat, grocery, coal-tickets, &c., among the out-patients, and lend blankets during the winter. When I say that hospitals, after discriminating their cases, might supply some of them with medical com-

forts, it is to such things as these that I refer. In fact, as the Poor-law medical officer has it in his power to order medical comforts when necessary for the cure of his patient, I would have a somewhat similar discretionary power given to out-patient physicians and surgeons; and if the attendance were guarded in some such way as I have indicated, I do not think there need be any fear of abuse, while, on the other hand, the benefit conferred would be immense.

In my former paper I pointed out how I desired to see the hospitals placed in an organized relation with the Poor-law medical service, and with the Provident Dispensaries, so as to constitute them the central points of the medical machinery intended for the relief of the humbler classes of society; and that, not as at present, in a haphazard way, but by an established and recognized arrangement—the pauper being admitted to hospital treatment on the recommendation of the Poor-law medical officer; the member of a Provident Dispensary or Sick Club in virtue of his subscription, whenever additional advice was deemed necessary; while the class between these two, who, as I hold, are the proper clients for the hospitals, would be received in consideration of their necessities. Thus, all the cases which properly demand hospital treatment, would find their way to those institutions. The highest skill would be brought to bear on the needs of the sick poor, while, at the same time, the medical staff would have ample material for enlarging their experience and for clinical instruction, though the total number of their patients would be somewhat curtailed.

No doubt it is the special hospitals which are most abused. The general hospitals do not suffer in proportion to the same extent. Still it is desirable that all should work together, and move *pari passu*. Unless the general hospitals take the initiative, there is but small chance of anything effectual being done in this matter. They are to us what the cathedrals are to the clergy, or the Superior Law Courts to the legal

profession; and any change which they thought proper to inaugurate would be respectfully considered by the smaller and by the special hospitals; and the public would soon learn to ask, before giving their support, whether the plan which had been deemed expedient at the leading hospitals had been adopted by this or that minor one.

Supposing, now, that a hospital, or, better still, a group of hospitals, was willing to give these suggestions a trial, what would be needed? How would they have to approach the experiment?

In the first place it would be necessary to appoint an inquiry officer, to provide him with a suitable office, and to give him a short time to make himself acquainted with the district and with its medical charities. It would be his duty to obtain information about the general practitioners who are to be found rallying round all our larger hospitals. He would acquaint himself with the Provident Sick Societies. He would put himself in communication with the Poor-law medical officers, and besides all this he would make himself familiar with the lanes and courts of the neighbourhood, with the character of the population, with the scale of rents and the rate of wages. He would thus be furnished with the data necessary to enable him to form an opinion upon many cases that would come before him; and week by week, and month by month, his knowledge would be extending, so as to cover a larger area, and to enable him in a shorter time, and with less investigation, to form a correct estimate of the fitness of applicants who sought admission from a distance, and to refer those who were unsuitable to the agency best adapted for their case.

There need be nothing harsh or inquisitorial about such inquiries—only that measure of strictness which is inseparable from true kindness. I would desire to see these plans carried out with the utmost gentleness and consideration; with a leaning always to the side of mercy, but yet with a firmness which bore ever in mind the importance in a national point of view of

fostering habits of self-respect and self-reliance, and of protecting the rights of others; to wit—of the public who give their money to help those who are too poor to help themselves, and of the medical men practising among the lower-middle grades of society, whose patients are now actually drawn away from them by the gratuitous advice which is offered at the hospitals.

Various suggestions have lately been made for remedying the abuses which are now almost universally admitted to exist. It has been proposed that all out-patients should pay some small sum for the relief which they receive. Again, it has been suggested that they should only obtain advice, and be furnished with prescriptions, being left to get the medicines elsewhere. In some quarters the plan has been adopted of admitting a limited number, and then closing the doors upon all other applicants. But with none of these suggestions can I agree, and that for one and the same reason. It is the glory of our hospitals to be purely charitable, to take nothing from those whom they relieve, and to relieve them promptly, efficiently, and with no grudging hand. But while this is granted, I think it may fairly be insisted upon that they should confine their bounty to those for whom it is properly intended. If they were to do this, no one would complain of their liberality. The "necessitous sick," the "really poor," cannot be expected to pay anything. They need not merely prescriptions, but medicines as well, and this is the class whom the hospitals profess to relieve. But unless an organized system of inquiry is set on foot, others will assuredly creep in who have no business there. To shut the doors after a certain number have been admitted, must often cause the rejection of those who most need relief. The mere proposal of such a plan proves how excessive is the crowd which now throngs the doors, and overtaxes the time and energies of the medical staff.

I need hardly repeat that the plan of systematic inquiry would carry with it, as a matter of course, the abolition of Governors' Letters, so far at least as the out-patient department was concerned; and poor sick people would no longer have to go about spending time and strength and heart in seeking for a letter of recommendation, but would betake themselves at once to the Inquiry-officer, knowing full well that their social position and the necessities of their case, and not the signature of a subscriber, would be their passport to the physician's or surgeon's consulting-room.

The present seems a fit time to discuss these questions, for the Hospital Sunday movement, which has been so successfully inaugurated, has called the attention of the public in a special manner to our medical charities. In all probability the amount of money which is annually contributed for their support will be considerably augmented—at any rate it will come in with greater certainty and regularity, and the public who supply these increased funds have a right to demand that they should be distributed with judgment and discrimination. The statistics I have brought forward show how much is already being done for the sick poor of the metropolis. Is it desirable to provide for any larger proportion of the population upon the eleemosynary principle? or to tempt yet greater numbers to depend upon charity? If the augmentation of funds leads to such results as these, it will be a national misfortune; but if, on the other hand, the power of the purse is employed to enforce a greater amount of discrimination in the distribution of relief, and to encourage habits of forethought and thrift, the best wishes of the originators of the Hospital Sunday movement will have been fulfilled, and these noble institutions will be enabled to carry out their mission of mercy free from the serious drawbacks which now attend them.

W. FAIRLIE CLARKE.

JOHN STUART MILL.

My teacher! so indeed thou art,
 Though I was never at thy side :
 My fellow-Christian! though thy heart,
 Perhaps, the name would have denied :

I call thee happy: thou wert strong
 In age with all the power of youth :
 With zeal for freedom, hate of wrong,
 Reverence for man, and love of truth :

And thou couldst read, as in a scroll,
 The laws of nature and of mind :
 But wherefore was it that thy soul
 To higher things than these was blind?

The world thy intellect descried
 Was coloured with no heavenly glow :
 Thy thought, a dwelling fair and wide,
 But lighted only from below.

And yet, if God is light indeed,
 Then surely, whether clear or dim
 Our knowledge, all its rays proceed,—
 Though they be broken rays,—from Him.

And He, I know, will guide thee right.
The pure to Him shall see their way :
The just shall tread a path of light,
Increasing to the perfect day :—

And thou art such as these :—and He
Who healed the blind will touch thine eyes,
To see the God thou didst not see,
The Christ thou didst not recognise :

And that which seemed a Stygian shore
Will prove a land of knowledge, grown
From earthly germs yet more and more,
Till thou shalt know as thou art known.

JOSEPH JOHN MURPHY.

MY TIME, AND WHAT I'VE DONE WITH IT.

BY F. C. BURNAND.

CHAPTER XVII.

RINGHURST THEATRICALS—THEATRICALS IN GENERAL—MRS. CAVANDER—A HAPPY COUPLE—THE PERFORMANCE FINISHED—ANOTHER YOUNG LADY ON THE SCENE—A FAREWELL TO AUSTIN—I RETURN TO OLD CARTER'S—PREPARATION FOR HOLYSHADE—MY PROGRESS.

THE theatricals at Ringhurst (for which Mr. Verney was unable to stay, being summoned to town professionally) were merely a good specimen of what I have since known private theatricals to be, everywhere, without exception. Bustle and hurry; everyone wanting assistance from everyone else, and wondering at everybody's selfishness. Laces that have been strong up to within a minute of being wanted, suddenly snap. Gum, from which, at any other moment, there would have been no escape, now playing the unfortunate cavalier false in the matter of moustaches. The handsome young gentleman, who has to "make himself up" for a lover, fails signally in an attempt to give himself a beautiful complexion with carmine and bismuth, and comes down looking uncommonly like a clown. The agitation of the hand which is to make a delicate line of black, causes a smudge on the cheek, as if you had commenced a cartoon there with charcoal. The experienced amateur, who has selected the part of a hoary-headed veteran, whose grey hairs are during the piece well-nigh brought down with sorrow to the grave, and who has a vast amount of stirring sentiment and manly pathos to deliver himself of in consequence, suddenly, and at the last moment, appears on the scene with his entire head apparently fresh from a plunge into the flour tub, with just so

much of it wiped away as will enable him to see with occasional blinking, which spasmodic movement of the eyes, however, might be taken for a sign of suppressed emotion. The audience, at first, recognize, in this extraordinary character, neither the experienced amateur, nor the venerable papa of the misguided youth (a young gentleman addicted to card-sharpping), but laugh heartily under the impression that it is the comic man disguised, for some reason or other, as the baker, and salute him accordingly.

Dresses supposed to be "all right," and therefore allowed to pass muster without being tried on, are suddenly discovered to be all wrong. The impossibility of playing the Young Pretender in the costume of Francis the First has, somehow or other, to be got over.

Ingenuity comes to the rescue. Pins are in great request, and oaths plentiful, with apologies. Nobody's drink is secure from anybody who is thirsty. All are thirsty. Everybody wishes everybody else out of the way. Books have been mislaid, and the Prompter, who has craftily secreted his, is now waylaid, and has it wrested from him by some unfortunate amateur, who, in piteous tones, cries: "Do let me have it, I'll give it you back directly, *but I have to go on first.*"

Everyone doubts his own appearance, and is full of congratulations for everyone else, with a view to being congratulated in turn. All excitement.

Then the voices won't pitch themselves properly, everybody being more or less inaudible, with the solitary exception of the Prompter, whose every word can be heard, causing irrepressible titters among those of the audience most remote from

the stage. Mr. Boanerges, whom, ordinarily, you have to request not to speak quite so loud, comes on to say ten lines of dialogue, and for all one can hear of him, from the front, he might as well be performing the part of a dumb slave in a ballet of action, only that he has about as much action as the old-fashioned flat wooden doll, with hardly chiselled features and a black beard, whose arms and legs are moved by one string.

The best memories fail: the over-zealous Prompter gives the word twenty times when the unfortunate actor has only paused for dramatic effect; or he has lost the place in the prompt book, or is giving directions about the lights, just at a critical moment, when the whole *dramatis personæ* have come to a dead lock. These things will happen even in the very best regulated Private Theatricals, and so, I suppose, those at Ringhurst were no exception to the rule. I thought them perfection.

Alice looked lovely as a marquise, and Cavander attended her in the green-room, on the pretence of holding her book, and hearing her her part up to the last minute.

There was a lady looked into this green-room, and, fearing lest she might be on forbidden ground, withdrew, but, as if acting upon a second thought, looked in again to say—

"James—I beg your pardon, Miss Alice—how charming you look—I only want to speak to James a moment."

"Oh, come in, Mrs. Cavander," said Miss Alice, graciously.

Mrs. Cavander had arrived that evening. I did not remember having heard any mention of her before this. At first it occurred to me that it might be Mr. Cavander's mother; but her appearance at once dispelled this notion. Cavander himself seemed to be a little annoyed. I could not recognize, at that time, that Mrs. Cavander resembled the stage-coach, which was very useful in its day, but has been superseded by steam. When James Cavander, years ago, was on the look-out for a lift along the road of life, this heavy vehicle had picked him up, and had helped him on his way.

She was a fluffy woman, with dumpy nails. A bolster tied round tightly with a string, would have had as much pretension to figure as Mrs. Cavander. Her portrait, taken when she was a girl, represents as comely and buxom a lass, as any yeoman's daughter need be.

She worshipped her husband, and the object of her idolatry thought her a fool for her superstition. If she talked of his faults to her confidential friends, it was only to palliate them, and excuse him. If she came to her intimates with a tale of her being hardly treated, or neglected, she would tell the fact as a fable, whereof the moral was, that James was not to blame, and that she was treated according to her deserts. At first her friends pitied her, but before long lost patience with her. She complained, and would hear of no remedy. She had expended all the spirit she had ever possessed, when she had insisted upon marrying in obedience to the dictates of her own heart. So she had her money, and went her way. Her father washed his hands of the affair. She was entitled to a certain sum at her own disposal; but not one penny more would the old man give her. She invested her property in James Cavander, and Mr. Griffiths, a well-to-do country solicitor, did not approve the speculation. Betsy, however, was obstinate. Fluffy people when obstinate are hopeless. You can't break pillows. Glass offers formidable resistance, and retaliates cruelly. A pillow yields with the feeblest opposition. You do not hurt yourself, or it, by offering violence. After a contention in which your pommellings are active and the pillow pommelled is passive, both remain as before—the pommeller having the worst of it.

So Betsy Griffiths insisted placidly on being Mrs. Cavander, and ran away with him: or rather to him, for he did not go out of his way to fetch her. What was the use, if she was determined? Evidently none; only a waste of time and money.

Mrs. Cavander was now as obstinate as ever. Not that she was not pliable as fresh putty in her husband's hand,

for whom she would have done anything; but this was the effect of her obstinacy, and her obstinacy was the effect of her infatuation. She persisted in loving him obstinately, with a dumb animal kind of attachment, which is not reasonable affection.

Mrs. Van Clym was a friend of hers. My aunt congratulated herself on having brought Mrs. Cavander over to her own particular way of thinking in religious matters. This Mrs. Clym called "conversion." She was wrong about Mrs. Cavander, who would agree with any friend, on any religious question, as long as she herself could obtain a listener and a temporary confidant for her own sorrows. At Ringhurst she was mildly charmed with Alice's talk about Gothic churches, altars, vestments, and her sort of enthusiastical mysticism. Alice, in her turn, thought her a convert to High Churchism, and began to see an additional reason for her husband becoming a believer.

Mrs. Cavander with a Wesleyan would have been, negatively, a Wesleyan, with a Catholic a Catholic, with an Irvingite an Irvingite; in fact, all things to all women, only let them in turn listen to her tale of woe.

"Bah!" said Mrs. Clym, after some experience of her, "she has as much real religion as a pudding."

The truth was Mrs. Cavander had no vacancy in her little mind for such matters. The object of her worship was James Cavander. The cause of her sorrow was James Cavander. She was devil's advocate against him, and then she refused to admit her own testimony, and, finally, canonized him.

"I do hope, Miss Alice," said Mrs. Cavander in the course of conversation this evening, "that you will keep your promise of coming up and staying with us."

James Cavander smiled.

"Then," he said, "we shall be able to continue our arguments. You must come and stay with my wife, as a missionary."

Alice would be delighted, she replied, only Mrs. Cavander must obtain Mamma's

consent, for which this amiable wife promised to ask at once. Then, on her husband's arm and satisfied with having done her duty, and at all events pleased *him*, Mrs. Cavander returned to the drawing-room, where the audience were impatiently awaiting the rise of the curtain.

The performance of the juniors went off with great satisfaction to themselves, and we were allowed to come to supper in our costumes. Fatima was considerably taller than her Bluebeard; but this difference exhibited, in the strongest colours, the mysterious moral ascendancy which Baron Abomelique had gained over his unhappy spouse, and I waved my wooden scimitar over the kneeling Fatima's devoted head (who begged me to content myself with cutting off her locks) with a bloodthirsty air. There was something soothing to my wounded feelings (for since Cavander had appeared I had had scarcely a word from Alice) in having her at my mercy, even in a play, for a few minutes. If Garrick in a rage was six feet high, I, in this scene, was conscious of at least seven years, and eighteen inches, having been added to my life, and my stature.

As for Alice, she was the centre of attraction. After the performance, everyone crowded about her, and compliments were showered on her from all sides.

Cavander simply congratulated her, and left her to be worshipped.

He knew that the morrow was for *him*. Our party staying in the house had been swelled by our theatrical friends, who were to leave on the day after the performance, and by the Cavanders, who were to stop on for some little time. The Cavanders were Mr. James, his wife, and sister. The last was a brown-haired, mild-faced girl, many years younger than her brother, whom she only faintly resembled in her eyes. She had not been long away from school, so Austin told me, and, but for her brother's success in the City, Miss Cavander would have had to turn her education to some account, perhaps as a governess. Indeed, I have since heard that, for various reasons, which

I should not have understood then, but do now (as also will those who peruse this record of our family), Mrs. Van Clym had, at one time, entertained the idea of engaging James Cavander's sister as governess for my cousins. Cavander himself had heard of the offer, and had not forgotten it. It was, of course, declined, with such expressions of good will and esteem, as ordinary civility, and the relative positions of the parties, required.

Miss Cavander played the piano with great skill, but without much feeling. There was just that difference between her style and Alice's. Alice played partly from ear, partly from notes, never for show, always from liking. Miss Cavander performed as if she were invariably playing something that no one else could attempt, which, faultless in execution, should create about as much sympathy in the hearers, as a schoolboy's Greek declamation on a speech-day. Her finger-tips turned upwards, and her nails always seemed as if they had just come from under the scissors. She dressed neatly, and appeared homely, which, interpreted by society, means more or less stupid; though Miss Cavander was only apathetic, until she thought her own interests involved, and then, somehow or another, she managed to have her own way, without getting off her chair, or allowing her ordinary occupations to be for one instant interrupted. To sum her up once and for all, Miss Cavander was an Influence, all the more powerful because unsuspected. Once admitted into a family she seemed to mingle with the atmosphere, and impalpably to pervade the entire household. And this description will be found to hold good when Miss Cavander shall be encountered once more, later on in this story. As she had nowhere else to go, she lived at her brother's, where she was a check upon Mrs. Cavander, and of considerable assistance, for domestic purposes, to Mr. James.

The time at last came for separation. Austin was not returning to Old Carter's. I was going there for one quarter more.

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Holyshade was then my destination, and Austin, whose health was delicate, was to be accompanied by a private tutor to the south of France.

We cried bitterly at parting, and promised to write frequently.

Carter's had changed. Mr. Venn had gone, some of the elder boys had left, and so had some of the younger ones.

This roll-call after an absence is repeated throughout life; and when the next long vacation is over, whose place at the desk will be vacant? Through whose name shall the black line be passed? What expectant junior shall occupy the position that was so lately ours? There were plenty of empty places now at Old Carter's, and I looked forward with pleasure to the end of my time at this ill-managed school, where I had learnt little, except the stories of most of the Waverley Novels from my dear Austin Comberwood.

My attention was now given to what I was told I should have to do at Holyshade. The two Biffords had preceded me by more than a year, but they were far more advanced than I when they left. Carter's, however, did not profess to prepare for Holyshade especially, so, as it subsequently turned out, what I had managed to pick up was of very little use to me, when I came to take my place in one of the upper forms of the great public school.

My father had made all the necessary arrangements, and I was to board at the Rev. Mr. Keddy's. Thenceforth my father considered me a man. He gave me a watch, and allowed me, as by right, to dine at late dinner with him and his friends.

Now commenced my education in earnest. In my father's idea to be a Holyshadian was to be privileged. It was, to his thinking, who knew as little about Holyshade as he did of Oxford or Cambridge, a sort of degree conferred upon a boy, giving him a certain kind of status in society, which could be generally described as "making a man of him." It was a sort of esquireship leading to knighthood.

The bachelor parties were frequent, but my father spent two nights a week regularly at the Cavanders. Cavander and he were inseparable; but though I saw more of this gentleman, I did not dislike him less, nor, as I have reason to believe, did he me.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I ADOPT A FASHION—ASSISTING IN MAKING A MAN—SELF-IMPORTANCE—THE VERNY GIRLS—TO ST. WINIFRID'S—A VISIT OF CEREMONY—MR. SWINGLE AND THE CRUMPETS—THE ACCIDENT WARD—I COME ACROSS SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES IN A STRANGE WAY—I SEE ONE FOR THE LAST TIME.

I now began to disdain jackets. I knew that many years must elapse before my plumage would develop into a tail. Being possessed of liberty to roam London at will, and money to spend at pleasure, I used often to saunter up Oxford Street and admire the garments in a ready-made clothes shop, where I had seen a pea-jacket, on which I had set my heart. It appeared to me to be a compromise. It was not a tail, nor was it a short jacket. So in the process of making a man of myself I bought this garment for seven-and-sixpence, and walked home in triumph with it under my arm. I was a trifle nervous of meeting any member of my family. The next day I waited until my father had gone into the City, to put it on; and in order that I might run no chance of his seeing me in the course of the day, I cunningly inquired of him at what hour he considered his return probable. To this he answered that Mr. Cavander was going to dine with him at home earlier than usual, in fact at half-past five o'clock, as they were going to see some *new* play, to which, if I chose, I might accompany them: only, if so, I must be back, and ready dressed at the same time as the dinner. With this offer I at once closed, and made up my mind to forestall their arrival by half an hour, so as to get out of my new jacket, and into my ordinary one,

before they should come in to dress for dinner. My time for return I therefore fixed for half-past four. I turned up my collars to represent stick-ups, and tied my sailor's knot in a large bow, and feeling that, somehow or other, I was trying to make a man of myself, experiencing at the same time a half-conviction that I was probably making an ass of myself, I determined to brave the world's opinion as far as the top of Oxford Street and back; and so, with no particular object in view, except that of seeing how I liked, and how other people might like, my new clothes, I sallied forth.

I crossed the Park, and came out at the Bayswater end of Oxford Street.

At this moment I saw two young ladies most elegantly dressed.

A Colvin is, as I have before hinted, a sort of lightning conductor, where the glances of fair women are concerned. "It was," as the song says, "ever thus from childhood's years." The two young demoiselles who had attracted my attention turned out to be Miss Carlotta Lucille and Julie Lucrezia, who scarcely recognized me in my nondescript costume. I blushed considerably on meeting them, and devoutly wished myself back in my own proper dress; that is, at first, as they seemed to speak to me with some slight coldness and reserve, as though perhaps they considered me in the light of a Boy Detective, in disguise, for the purpose of taking juvenile delinquents. I do not know whether detectives are thus educated from childhood, but I should say not. Yet if the office be an important one to the safety of the community, surely a Training College for Detectives might be capable of valuable development. Julie informed me that they were just returning from a visit to their aunt, my Nurse Davis, at the hospital, which, if I felt inclined to call, I should find not very far off, and thereupon they gave me full and particular directions. They were glad enough to be quit of me; at least Carlotta Lucille, who was magnificent, certainly was, as she did not care to be seen walking about with such an absurd bundle

of clothes as I must have seemed. Carlotta was still with Madame Glissande, and, as a matter of business (for Madame taught all the best people in town), was attired in the height of fashion.

I determined to go and show myself to Nurse Davis, who, I felt sure, would be as proud of me as I was of myself. Besides, I should be able to tell her about my having to go to Holyshade at the end of the holidays. So I said good-bye to Carlotta and Julie. I should have liked Julie to have come with me, but as that could not be, I strutted off alone to St. Winifrid's Central Hospital, which I found without much difficulty.

There were a number of steps up to the front entrance, and it seemed to me like going into a show. I remember experiencing a feeling approaching awe on first visiting the Polytechnic Institution, where, I know, I for a long time considered the lecturers as representing the highest scientific attainments of the English nation. I, perhaps, had my doubts as to the exact chair, in this learned body, which should be occupied by the Professor of Dissolving Views, whose voice sounded awfully from nowhere particular in the surrounding gloom; but from the first moment of my witnessing a startling experiment with a glass jar, some hydrogen, and some oxygen, out of which (I mean the experiment, not the jar) the Professor issued cool, calm, and triumphant, I placed the Chemical Lecturer on the highest pedestal, and mentally elected him to the Mastership of the Polytechnic.

I fancy that what brought the Polytechnic to my mind, at St. Winifrid's Hospital, was a kind of beadle, in a chocolate-coloured overcoat, with a gold band round his hat, who was on duty, behind a glass window at the entrance.

"What do you want?" he asked, opening a small pane and looking out suddenly, probably under the impression that I was an accident of some sort, rashly taking care of myself until I could obtain surgical aid.

"Does Mrs. Davis live here?" I inquired mildly.

"Mrs. Davis," he repeated, dubiously,

either on account of the name being strange to him, or because there were so many Missuses at St. Winifrid's as to make the selection of one particular Missus a considerable effort of memory, or because my pea-jacket and stick-up collars did not inspire a man in his position with much confidence as to my ulterior objects in asking for a respectable matron on that establishment. Whatever might have been the reason of his hesitation, he considered for a few seconds, and then asked cautiously—

"What do you want her for?"

"I want to see her," I replied, innocently, resenting such unwarrantable curiosity on his part.

He touched a bell, and then whispered into what seemed to me to be a thing like an elephant's trunk sticking out of the wall.

The elephant's trunk snorted something by way of reply, whereupon the beadle, turning to me, said—

"What name?"

"My name?" I asked.

"Yes," answered the beadle sternly, frowning as though he had all long suspected me of some attempt at introducing myself into the hospital under an *alias*.

"Master Colvin," I replied.

"Master what?" he asked, still frowning. He was evidently of opinion that, in my next answer, I should manage to contradict myself, and so expose some deeply laid plan for robbing the donation-box, which his sagacity had been in time to prevent.

"Colvin," I repeated, and I am sure he was disappointed.

The beadle told this as a secret to the elephant's trunk, and in return the elephant's trunk conveyed the information that Mrs. Davis would be "with me directly; would I step in and sit down?"

I had scarcely time to avail myself of this polite invitation, and to ingratiate myself with the gradually-thawing official, before Nurse Davis, in a grey dress, with the neatest possible cap, wristbands, and collars, entered by a side door, took both my hands, and gave me a kiss.

The kiss, which made my cheeks tingle for a second, partly because I did not like to be treated as a child before the chocolate-coloured beadle,—who, the moment previous to my nurse's appearance, had been on the point of handing me the paper in order that I might read the political questions of the day,—and partly because I had been, for some time, unaccustomed to this mode of salutation, completed the beadle's thawing, and warmed him so much that he unbuttoned his coat so as to let the human sympathy in his breast have freer play, put his hands into his trousers pockets, and allowed his features to relax into an approving smile, expressive of his approbation of the proceedings, so far, generally.

"He's my boy, Mr. Swingle, he is," said Nurse, proudly stroking my hair. "I've always called Master Cecil my boy; haven't I, dear?"

I nodded, and she continued, just to show my importance in the world, and her own position with regard to the aristocracy, "How is your good father, Sir John?"

The beadle raised his eyebrows, and became deeply interested.

"He is very well," I answered.

"Not married yet?" she asked.

"Married!" I exclaimed, almost indignantly, though I really did not know why; "no, of course not."

"Of course not," she returned. "It would not be fair. If you should ever have a stepmother as was not inclined to be as kind as she ought to be, you'll know where to come to, won't you?"

"Yes, Nurse," I answered, understanding her to mean that I was to seek her for consolation. The beadle seemed to wish to be comprehended in this invitation, but said nothing.

"Now you will come and see my room, and if you're not above taking tea with your old Nurse——"

I stopped her at once by laying hold of her arm. Mr. Swingle ventured to make a suggestion.

"If a crumpet would be any assistance," said Mr. Swingle, "I've a couple

here, and can send Jim out for a cake, Mrs. Davis."

"If you can spare 'em," said Nurse Davis, "and it won't be robbing you."

Mr. Swingle assured her that in his attitude towards muffins, crumpets, and such like articles of tea-cake confectionery he was a perfect Gallio, inasmuch as "he cared for none of these things," and that therefore he was in no way to be credited with the merit of a bounty in presenting them to Mrs. Davis's tea-table, where they would be thoroughly appreciated, and, he sincerely trusted, perfectly digested. Not that he expressed himself in this form; he simply said—

"You're welcome, Mrs. Davis. I don't hold with such things myself, except occasionally, as being a trifle puffy. They agrees with some," he added, "but what I say is, wholesome is as wholesome does."

Whereupon we took the crumpets, and Jim, an errand-boy, having answered the summons, Nurse Davis gave him a shilling, for which he was to bring back a pound-cake flavoured with citron, to which Nurse remembered me to have been, in bygone days, peculiarly partial.

"I'll just see to the tea-things, for I didn't expect a visitor, and come back, Master Cecil. You won't mind staying here with Mr. Swingle, will you?"

"No, I'll stay," I answered, whereat I fancied Swingle quite brightened up. Had I left him to accompany Nurse, I am convinced that man would have become a misanthrope: he would have ceased to believe in gratitude, and would have lost all confidence in the sincerity of youth, and the purity of its motive.

"Plenty of life here," said Mr. Swingle, putting a chair for me, so that I could kneel on it, and, placing my elbows on the window-ledge, could look out on to the busy thoroughfare. "Plenty going on all day: 'busses, cabs, carts, carriages, all sorts. Wonderful few run over, considering."

"Run over by carts?" I asked.

"Yes," he returned, "by carts, or some vehicles. 'Orrid careless most on 'em is. Casuals come in circles, so to speak.

At one time there's a run on broken legs, then on arms, then heads. It's a head's turn now."

He stood behind, looking over me and propounding his theory quite cheerfully. It was the widest part of the street opposite the hospital; and in the middle of the road, like an eyot in a river, was a small paved piece, in the centre of which was a lamp-post surrounded by four ordinary posts at the four corners, bearing altogether some resemblance to the arrangement of skittles, the lamp being the king. It was an island of refuge for old ladies, a breathing space for the adventurous, a place of observation for the cautious, and a sort of Roman camp for a policeman.

Across the road, on the farthest side from my window, stood at the edge of the kerb a flauntingly dressed woman. She had but just arrived, and her extraordinary actions were attracting the attention of the bystanders. She was, evidently, addressing them, and waving her parasol to the crowd already increasing rapidly.

Suddenly running towards her, came a respectably dressed man, who, on approaching, began to remonstrate with her, and tried to induce her to enter a cab which he had hailed. She refused, and, scarcely able to walk steadily, made a dart forward into the road, right in front of the cab, with a view as it seemed to gaining the paved refuge. At that same instant, a horse, whose reins had been dropped by the driver on his jumping down from his cart, suddenly took fright, and dashed towards the very spot for which the unfortunate woman was already making. A shriek of horror arose, audible in our room, as the wretched creature, in her struggle to free herself from the man who had frantically seized her arm in order to drag her away, fell sideways, in a heap, right under the cart, the wheels of which passed rapidly over her head and legs, as the horse, maddened by the yelling and shouting, galloped headlong towards Oxford Street, and the man, who had in vain tried to avert the catastrophe, fell forward, unhurt, on the pavement of refuge.

In another minute the insensible form of the woman, crushed and mangled, was borne into the accident ward of the Winifrid Hospital. A crowd hung about the steps, and were disposed to resent any attempt at excluding them from the building, as an infringement of their rights as citizens, and as unfair to those who had found her, and had helped to carry her in.

Nurse Davis passed anxiously down the plain unfurnished passage, carrying a bottle and glass. I followed nervously, and entered the casualty ward. Two young surgeons were examining the wounds, and I heard the dull, heavy sound as of a person groaning in sleep.

"No hope?" inquired a man's voice that struck me as familiar.

"None," was the surgeon's reply. "She may live half an hour; she may live half a day. It is improbable that consciousness will return. You know her?"

"Yes," the familiar voice replied in a hard tone. "I regret to say, yes." After a pause it said, "I should like to send a message."

Nurse Davis indicated the writing-table.

I was standing by it, unable to obtain more than a glimpse of the dying woman, and feeling very sick and nervous. Towards this table the man with the familiar voice turned quickly.

It was Mr. Venn.

We stared at one another. It all at once occurred to me that I had seen him with this woman twice before. *Now*, in encountering him, I recognized her. It was she who had stopped me at school: it was she who, with Venn, had met Cavander in Kensington Gardens. I was not, therefore, so surprised, as I otherwise should have been, at his first question to me, which was—

"Do you know where Mr. Cavander lives?"

"Yes."

He thought for a second, then he said, "Is he likely to be at your father's?"

All that I had intended as to my return home flashed across me.

"Yes," I answered; "he will be there to dinner at five. He dresses there."

"They may be back before that," observed Mr. Venn, hastily writing a few lines and enclosing them in an envelope. "Take this at once and return."

Mr. Swingle saw me into a cab, and carefully gave the necessary instructions.

Neither my father, nor Mr. Cavander, had as yet arrived. They were expected every minute. In the midst of all this hurry and excitement, I remembered my jacket, and changed it for my ordinary attire. Understanding that Mr. Venn expected me to return, I left the note on the hall table, and was driven back in the cab to the hospital.

On reaching it I found my father's brougham already at the door, and in the casualty room stood my father, with Mr. Venn and Mr. Cavander, besides the surgeon and Nurse Davis, whose arm was supporting the heavily breathing, helpless figure on the mattress.

Once—it was the only time I could look at her—I saw her head roll slowly, from side to side, as if in mute agony; I saw her glassy eyes open on to the hopelessness of life for the last time. Then from her heaving breast came forth a deep sigh, heavily laden with the weariness of sin and misery, a sigh, pray God! of the poor soul's contrition, a sigh of eternal gratitude from the penitent, laid at last to rest in the arms of Divine compassion.

Dead.

I heard Mr. Cavander saying, that, having known the poor woman in better circumstances, he would be answerable for any expenses that might be incurred. This was to Mr. Venn. My father sat apart for a while, pale and motionless, with his eyes fixed on the covered corpse. He did not seem to notice my presence. Nurse Davis placed a glass of wine before him, but he only inclined his head slightly.

An official book was in Mr. Swingle's room on a desk, in which the name of the deceased, and whatever particulars were requisite, had to be entered. The man whose duty it was to make such entries put one of these necessary in-

terrogatories to Mr. Venn, who appeared lost in thought. Mr. Cavander touched his elbow, to recall him to himself. Mr. Venn, as if he had not understood the inquiry as addressed to him, looked up, and the question was repeated.

He answered, with a strange sort of nervous hesitation—

"I beg your pardon. The event has shocked me considerably. She was a connection of mine by marriage. I had not seen her for years. She was, latterly, occupying apartments in the same house with myself." Here he gave his address.

"Her name?"

"Her name?" repeated Mr. Venn, as if putting the question to himself.

The window of the glass screen of the porter's room was open, and before it my father paused for a second, as Mr. Swingle opened one of the front folding doors leading on to the steps.

The man's pen hovered above the page as he looked up, over his shoulder, at Mr. Venn, awaiting his answer.

My father turned his head quickly towards Mr. Venn. Their eyes met, and were withdrawn instantly. Mr. Swingle pulled open the door, and as my father was passing out, Mr. Venn, in a firmer tone than he had hitherto used, answered—

"Her name was Sarah Wingrove."

CHAPTER XIX.

HOLYSHADE AND THE HOLYSHADIANS.

THE incident mentioned in the previous chapter closes, as it were, the first book of this present chronicle of the Colvin Family. To retrace my pathway through *My Time*, and to note carefully what I have done with it, has been a task forced upon me by circumstances, with which, in due course, my readers will be made acquainted.

We are now arrived at the second part of my narrative, which commences at Holyshade College, the most celebrated of our public schools.

To be a Holyshadian is to be impressed with the guinea stamp of currency for life. Enrolment among the glorious

band of Holyshadian youth has in it, not to speak it irreverently, something resembling, what is termed, "the character" of Orders.

Once a Holyshadian, always a Holyshadian. Boy and man, the Holyshadian is supposed to bear the indelible mark of the grace conferred.

For to be a Holyshadian *does* confer some special grace;—the grace in question, as far as I am able to ascertain anything certain on this matter, being that of an easy, gentlemanly deportment. This grace then, if my presumption is correct, is of the exterior, visible to the world. It remains, as a rule, even to the most interiorly graceless Holyshadians. The disreputable Holyshadian is, in comparison with other disreputables, as Milton's Lucifer, Son of the Morning Star, to the other fallen angels. A swindler who has had the advantage of a Holyshadian education, has in his favour far greater chances than all other swindlers. A Montmorenci may cheat you out of five pounds, where a Muggins couldn't do you out of a brass farthing.

The pride of Holyshade, as a public school, is to produce—Gentlemen. Scholars if you will, Christians if you can; but, in any case, Gentlemen. Yet the veritable aboriginal Holyshadian is *ex officio* a scholar. He is on the Foundation, which means that his education is bestowed on him by way of charity; and, in order that the aboriginal may never forget this, he is clothed differently from those who are not on the Foundation, wearing a coarse sort of college gown winter and summer, and being fed and boarded according to certain ancient rules. These birds of like plumage flock together, and do not consort with the noble strutting peacocks, called Oppidans, save occasionally, and then on sufferance.

These veritable Holyshadians have for their nest the grand old rookery called The College. The Oppidans have built without the precincts of its walls, but within the bounds of its domain. The number of the Collegers is limited. The Oppidans are to them as seven to one.

It seems as though the Collegers, like the Indians of South America, had gradually yielded to the advance of the white skins: the white skins representing the aristocracy.

A barbarous and uncivilized set were at one time, and that not so very long ago, the aboriginal "Tugs," as these poor Collegers were called, in allusion to the sheep whereon they were, traditionally, fed, and which they were supposed, being half famished, rather to "tug" at and tear, like hounds worrying, than to eat soberly and quietly, by the aid of those two decorous weapons of well-fed civilization, the knife and fork. The epicure who invented the knife and fork must have been well able to wait for his dinner.

Yet, theoretically, this Tug tribe holds the post of honour. Their chief is the Captain of Holyshade: the chief of the Oppidans having but a brevet rank: being, like a volunteer, only Captain by courtesy.

The Collegers are, by right, Royal scholars, just as the actors at Drury Lane are Her, or His, Majesty's servants. In consequence, there were privileges. One of the inestimable privileges enjoyed by the aforesaid comedians, was, I have been informed, the right to a dinner at the Royal Palace daily; and Messrs. Clown and Pantaloon, if only *bonâ fide* members of the Drury Lane Company, would be only in the due exercise of their prerogative, were they to walk down to St. James's Palace, call for the chief butler, and order chops for two to be ready hot and hot with mashed 'taters and bottled stout at half-past four in the afternoon, so that they might be in good order for performing in the evening's pantomime. Such privileges as these have fallen into desuetude: actors are no longer the monarch's trenchermen; they have suffered loss with many another institution; and Holyshade in its old age, like the faded mistress, once Queen by a royal caprice, can boast only of favours, which, in time past, she was wont, so regally, to confer. There still are some privileges, but of late years they have been sadly,

but tenderly, shorn of their glory, and the gates of even their particular paradise, St. Henry's College, Cambridge, once for the entrance of only the Holyshadian elect, are now thrown open to all the world. True, there are yet some reservations for poor Holyshadians, as there are for a few nobly connected, at the aristocratic College of All Souls, which, by recent enactment, due to a liberal policy, has well-nigh passed into the hands of All Bodies.

Of all such matters of schools, of colleges of All Saints, and universities of All Sinners, my father knew nothing. All he had to do was to send *me* to some place, or places, where they would "make a man of me;" which in his view was, as I have said, a sort of degree.

Had he mixed with his equals in rank, who would have been ready enough to welcome him, I should probably have benefited by his enlarged experience. But he preferred his own pleasure, in his own way, his own sociable gatherings of City friends, and his own circle of family relationship. Left to himself, Sir John Colvin, of an old title, might have played an important part in society. But he was no more his own master than is the vessel obeying the turn of the helm. Whose object it was to sail him round and round this wretched pond, letting him think that he was making progress on the sea of life, will be gradually evident, as it is to me now, in the course of this history. My father worked for my future, and for the best, as *he* viewed that future. He had been brought up, in a money-making school, to consider a good percentage the one thing necessary. From this bondage he had emancipated himself so far as to have started me with very different ideas. From one extreme he went to the other. Business had been everything to *him*; it was to be nothing to *me*. Yet, in his inexperience of all walks of life which were not within the City Labyrinth, he imagined his son taking the highest position to which a commoner could rise, by such mere sharpness and quickness as might serve for answering a conundrum, or for uttering the flippant sort of jest that, at

that time, passed for true wit among the *habitués* of Capel Court. Laborious study, or application to one particular line, never entered into his vague scheme for my preferment. He knew nothing of the existence of scholarships, fellowships, the attainment of high degrees, and other similar incentives to the study of the various branches of learning, and, consequently, he was unable to question with my instructors, or to go over the ground with myself. He showed himself not in the least interested in my schooling, and so I came to look upon school-time only as a pleasant enough interval between the vacations, my one aim and object being to devote these intervals to the cultivation of as much enjoyment as my supply of pocket-money would permit.

The cuckoo places its egg in another bird's nest, being ignorant of the art of hatching. By a cuckoo-like instinct my father placed me in nest after nest, belonging to other birds, in the hope, perhaps, that I should turn out an eagle. Alas! hatched and fledged, he found me still of his own brood.

My new nest was not in the College Rookery at Holyshade, but among the fine Oppidan birds.

Not having been specially trained for Holyshade, as I have before said, I had to begin at the beginning. The beginning was the Fourth Form Lower Remove.

After, what I may call, my Comberwood Christmas holidays, I went to Holyshade. I did not anticipate meeting any friends there, except the Bifords, who had been with me at Old Carter's. I was an utter stranger to the boys of the place, and found myself isolated.

It was a raw, dull day, and wretchedly cold, when my father took me to Holyshade, and introduced me to my tutor, in whose house I was to board.

The Rev. Matthias Keddy was a lanky, disjointed-looking person, with a clerical white neckerchief, so untidily twisted as to give its wearer the appearance of having been suddenly cut down in a stupid attempt at hanging himself; an idea which his way of holding his head

very much on one side, and his nervous, confused manner generally, tended strongly to confirm. On seeing me for the first time, he grinned, always with his head askew, as if focussing me in a favourable angle, laughed, and rubbed his right hand through his tousled-looking hair, by way of preparation, before offering it for my acceptance.

"Well," he said, squeakily, "how-de-do? Hope we shall be good friends."

I hoped so too; but neither of us seemed particularly sanguine as to the future. His voice bore the sort of family resemblance to that of Punch, that might be expected to come from Punch's nephew on the Judy side.

My father surveyed us both benignly. He had nothing to say as to classics, or mathematics, as to school hours, training, or, in short, as to any subject connected with my educational course. He had brought me down there himself, and, I imagine, felt himself somehow out of place, beginning, perhaps, to wish he had confided me to a clerk, a butler, or an uncle, or to anyone who would have relieved him of this responsibility. After politely declining Mr. Keddy's proffered hospitality of sherry and biscuits, my father was about to take leave of me, when Mr. Keddy, who had been staring at the tip of his own boot, as he rested his foot on the fender, suddenly squeaked out—

"Would you like to see your boy's room, Sir John?"

"Thank you," said my father, with an air of great satisfaction.

My poor father! he had been troubled about many things just at this time, whereof I was then, of course, profoundly ignorant, and he was too glad to be quit of me, for a time, to be at all critical as to the lodging provided for me. I think, too, he was as much puzzled by this first view of Holyshade as I was, and, on the whole, was confusedly impressed by the atmosphere of the place.

An elderly maid-servant conducted us to a passage on the first floor. On both sides were ranged the boys' rooms, looking like a corridor in a miniature model prison.

The third apartment, on the left, was to be mine.

It was neatly furnished, with a small table, a turn-up bedstead, a cabinet, containing in the upper part two or three bookshelves, in the middle an *escritoire*, while its lower part was divided into three drawers. In a corner stood a common wash-stand. The room looked, with its bright fire lighted in joyful celebration of my arrival, snug and cheerful enough, and I was so highly delighted and taken with the notion of having a room, at school, all to myself, that I was really only half sorry when I saw my father drive off in his fly, in order to catch the express for town. He was going to spend the evening with the Cavanders.

I felt a choking in my throat and a difficulty in bidding him farewell, which I was fearful of his noticing, lest he should set down this ebullition of emotion to cowardice, and should depart hopeless of my ever being made a man of, and despairing even of the efficacy of Holyshadian treatment. Uncle Van has since told me that he talked of me and of Holyshade, for several days after, whenever an opportunity occurred; from which I have inferred that the choking sensation at the moment of bidding adieu was not solely confined to *my* throat. My father loved me in his own peculiar way; and as all the Colvins will insist in doing everything in their own peculiar way, so neither of us at this time at all events was any exception to the rule. By his example I was brought up to understand that any show of affection was childish, and had better be restrained in its very commencement. Such a check is as dangerous to some constitutions as is a sharp frost in May to the promising fruit-trees.

Only some of the lower boys had returned. This information I received from my tutor's butler, a jolly, round, and red-faced man, with a square-looking nose, named Berridge, who always seemed to me to smell more or less of oil, and was perpetually in his shirt sleeves cleaning glasses. After him came George, a livery servant, a good-

natured lout, who looked as though he had been torn from the plough and shoved into a swallow-tailed dirty-yellow livery coat, with flat metal buttons, in which costume he bore a striking resemblance to a very big bird.

These two carried my boxes upstairs, and assisted to cheer me, not a little. I took possession of my cupboard-like apartment with a new feeling of proprietorship. It was all mine, every inch of it. Here I could do what I liked: just exactly what I liked. As a commencement, I made myself free of the place by the simple, but expressive ceremony, of poking the fire. The fiery coals answered to the poker, like a fiery steed to the spur. The fireplace and I warmed to one another, and Mr. Berridge's face reflected the glow, and beamed on me, encouragingly.

"You'll want," said Mr. Berridge, thoughtfully, while I was laying out my wardrobe, "some candles and a lamp for your room."

Of course I should. I had not brought them. I had overlooked this, as well as various other necessary articles of furniture.

"That's no matter," said Mr. Berridge, kindly; "you can get 'em all here easy enough. You'd better have 'em of me. All the young gentlemen does."

Certainly anything that every other Holyshadian did, must, I concluded, be right.

"A candle-lamp is what you want," continued Mr. Berridge, decisively, "with a nice glass shade."

I thanked him for his consideration. I had seen a candle-lamp in Old Carter's study.

"You won't want it just yet," said Berridge; "I'll bring it you in a hour's time about."

That would do. In fact, at that moment anything that would have suited Berridge, even a cut-glass chandelier, would have suited me.

"I'll put a candle in for you," he said, "and you'd better have a packet o' Palmers besides."

By all means. This was my first

venture in lamps and candles. I felt as if I were about to give a party.

"Then that's all at present," said Berridge, looking round, cheerfully. "You don't want nothing else, I think, just now. Sarah, that's the maid, will bring you your kettle and tea-things, roll and butter. When the other young gentlemen come back, you'll mess with some one."

He gave one look at my small hamper, wherein our cook at home had stowed away a tongue, a cake, and a pot of strawberry jam.

There was such pleasure in anticipation of a meal all by myself, *in my own room*—an idea I could not sufficiently enjoy—that, at first, I really had no wish to go out of doors.

Mr. Berridge returned, in about half an hour, bringing with him the lamp, candles, and a box of matches. It was a very bright affair, of slightly gingerbreadly material, I'm afraid, with a ground-glass shade.

To one unaccustomed to its use it was comparatively dangerous, as, if in attempting to put a candle in, you didn't screw the top on, which struggled and resisted on its own account with quite remarkable power, the candle flew out, as if discharged from a catapult, and either broke something, or smashed itself against the wall, or ceiling, greasing the carpet in its fall. It was, therefore, some time before I mastered this fire-work. It was a deceptive thing, too, as the candle always appeared the same length, and when you were in the middle of a most exciting story, there was a sudden click, a sharp vicious sputter, and, the next instant, you were in darkness.

However, as a commencement towards housekeeping, it served its purpose, or rather it served my tutor's excellent butler's—Mr. Berridge's—purpose, who, being a chandler by trade, and having a lamp and candle shop "down town," was naturally disinterested in recommending this admirable invention to my notice. I paid Mr. Berridge five shillings and threepence for it, and he, condescendingly, gave me a receipt.

Berridge's only chance of profit was, I subsequently found, with the new boys. When the old ones returned, and we became acquainted, one of the first questions was, "Got one of that old humbug Berridge's lamps?"

Berridge must have taken a secret and peculiar pleasure in these transactions, as, in spite of their having done considerable harm to any future dealings, he never omitted a chance of passing off one of these lamps on a new boy, apparently in preference to doing a steady and regular business with us throughout the year. The masters and townspeople, however, dealt with him largely, I believe, and this, therefore, was only, so to speak, a little "fancy retail trade."

I suppose it was my loneliness at first at Holyshade—and I was the more solitary on account of no longer having such a companion as Austin Comberwood had been to me—that developed in me a taste for diary-keeping. I was then in my fourteenth year, and, until I had friends to talk to among the Holyshadians, my great amusement was to keep accounts of time, doings, and expenditure, to write to Austin, occasionally too receiving and answering a letter from Miss Alice, and making up for Austin's absence by applying myself to the study of the best novels within my reach.

I soon got accustomed to all the miseries of the Lower Fourth Form. The candle-light dressing, the raw mornings, the shivering little wretches in the old oak-panelled school-room, dimly lighted by guttering tallow candles stuck in iron sockets, the master as irritable as he was drowsy; in short, the whole sickly farce of half an hour's duration, at the end of which, the great clock struck its welcome note, and we tumultuously rushed forth to throng the pastrycooks' shops for coffee, hot buttered buns, hot rolls, or rusks and butter.

I have no doubt, now, but that the coffee was gritty, thick, and, with the unwholesome greasy buns, not worth the matutinal outlay of fourpence. But of all refreshments whereof I have partaken at all times and in all places,

I do not remember—with the single exception of the hot soup and the *demi-poulet-rôti*, at Calais, after the sea-voyage—anything so acceptable, or which so thoroughly served its customer's purpose, as those same buns and coffee at Bob's, Poole's, or Stepper's, in the old Holyshade Lower Fourth days.

When, afterwards, I had attained a higher form, we took our coffee later, and patronized, chiefly, Stepper's, which was frequented by the fastest and biggest Holyshadians, on account of such luxuries as hot sausages, grilled chicken, and ham and eggs, being served up in the back parlour by the fair hands of the two sisters, Louey and Dolly Stepper; the latter being what we used to consider a "doosid fine girl," and a great attraction to the more adventurous among those who wore the manly tail and the single white tie.

Apropos of costume, stick-up collars were never worn. I remember one innovator who came out with them. He braved public opinion for a day, attempted to lead the fashion, but, finding tradition and custom too much for him, he gave in, and followed it with the rest.

Our dress was black jacket and black tie in a sailor's knot for small boys; and black coat and white tie, without collars, for the big ones. All wore hats. A Holyshadian Fourth Form boy's hat would have made Christy rejoice: the necessity for a new hat would have been so evident to that eminent tradesman. It was to my hat I owed my sudden leap from the status of a nobody into that of a popular celebrity. How this chanced I will forthwith proceed to relate.

CHAPTER XX.

SHOWING HOW SOME HAVE GREATNESS
THRUST UPON THEM—THE EPISODE OF
MY HAT.

HOLYSHADIAN initiation begins with hat smashing.

When I appeared in the cloisters for the first time, well-nigh friendless among all the boys (for, as yet, I had only made a few acquaintances at my tutor's),

waiting the egress of the masters from their solemn conclave in chambers, I was surrounded by some not much bigger than myself. They gradually swarmed. Never before had I seen so many boys all at once; and of so many sizes too. Such a humming and buzzing about me, as though I had been a drone trespassing at the entrance of a hive. They came upon me one by one, two by two, threes, fours, as birds do from all quarters to a large crumb, and then began pecking.

"What's your name?" asked a boy.

"Colvin," I answered, peaceably.

"Calvin!" shouted a bigger idiot, wilfully mistaking my pronunciation.

"Hallo!" cried a third. "Here's Luther!"

At this witticism, there was a burst of laughter, in which I feebly attempted to join, just to show I was equal to taking a joke, even at my own expense.

"What's your name?" inquired another earnestly, as if really asking for information.

"Colvin."

"Then take that, Colvin," he returned, illogically, smashing my hat over my eyes.

"How are you, Colvin?" shouted twenty different voices at once, and while struggling to set my hat straight, I dropped my book, and was hustled from one to another, being passed on with a kick, a hit, a pinch, or a cuff, as occurred to the particular fancy and humour of the boy to whose lot I happened, for the moment, to fall.

"Where's your hat, Curly?"

I did not know. Scarcely had I placed it on my head, and begun to take breath, than at a blow, from some skilful hand, it disappeared into the school-yard.

"Bully! Bully!" was then the cry.

I perfectly agreed with the sentiment. I considered that I *had* been grossly bullied, but I could not understand why those who were shouting so loudly "Bully!" should be the very ones to run viciously at my unfortunate hat, and treat it like a football.

In another second I saw it sky'd up into the air, when, its line of descent being suddenly inclined at an acute angle

by a playful breeze, which could not any longer keep out of the sport, where a hat was concerned, it comfortably fell and settled itself, in rakish fashion, over the crown which adorned the head of the Royal Founder's statue, that stands, with a ball and sceptre (it had better have been a bat) in its hands, on a pedestal in the centre of the College quadrangle.

This incident was greeted with such an uproarious shout, as brought the masters out of chambers sooner than had been expected. Aware of this result, a malicious boy in the crowd, pretending great sympathy for my exposed situation, offered to give me a back over the railings which surrounded the figure. This I accepted, and had scarcely got myself safely landed inside the barrier, when a fresh sort of hubbub arose, and I saw the boys shuffling off in gangs towards different doors in the cloisters, while most of the masters, all in academical costume, an entire novelty to me, were standing in a corner, apparently puzzled to account for the recent extraordinary disturbance, which had not yet completely subsided.

One of these was an old gentleman, something over the middle height, with white hair brushed away behind the ears, and bulging out at the back from under his college cap. His face was of a somewhat monkeyish type, for his forehead receded sharply, and his upper jaw was heavy and protruding, his features being as hardly cut as those of the quaint little figures carved out of wood by a Swiss peasant. He used golden-rimmed eye-glasses suspended round his neck by a broad black ribbon. He wore a frill which feathered out in front, suggesting the idea of his shirt having come home hot from the wash and boiled over. His collar and cuffs were of velvet. He invariably stood, and walked, leaning to one side, out of the perpendicular, as if he had been modelled on the plan of the Tower of Pisa.

This was Dr. Courtley, Head Master of Holyshade.

"Bleth my thoul!" lisped Dr. Courtley, holding up his glasses, and almost closing his eyes in his efforts to see

distinctly. "Bleth my thoul! Whath that?"

He pronounced his "a" very long and very broadly, giving it the sound it has in "hay."

"A boy, I think," said a squat, sleek master, with a mouth like a slit in an orange. I subsequently learnt that this was Mr. Quilter, the most severe of all the tutors, the development of whose smile varied in proportion to the magnitude of the task which he might be setting as a punishment. He was a rigid disciplinarian, but strictly just, and never accused of favouritism.

"It is," chirped a third, a dapper little man in such tightly strapped trousers that walking seemed almost impossible. When he had uttered his opinion he sniffed, put his head on one side like a feloniously-inclined magpie, and having smiled at his neighbour, and been smiled upon in return, he appeared satisfied. His name I found out in time was Mr. Perk; he was familiarly known among the boys as Johnny Perk.

A stout, ruddy-faced, clean-shaven master, with a very low vest, and a college cap right at the back of his head—purposely put there on account of his great display of forehead—stepped from the group, and shouted brusquely—

"Here! hi! you sir! Come here, sir!"

"Please, sir, I can't, sir," I replied from my prison.

I was very unhappy.

"Can't!" exclaimed the brusque master. "You got in there. Eh?"

"Please, sir, I came in for my hat."

"Come out with your hat, then," retorted the master impatiently.

"I can't get it, sir," I urged, plaintively. "Please, sir, the statue's got it on his head."

All eyes were now turned upwards. In another second they were all grinning.

"Bleth my thoul!" said Dr. Courtley; "I knew the proper place for a hat wath over a *crown*—but—he! he! he!—hith Maathethty in a lower-boy'th hat—an inthanth of *thub tegmine fagi*—eh?"—he looked round at his companions, as, in uttering the quotation, he made the penultimate syllable short, and the "g" hard, for the sake of an aca-

demic pun. His assistants were of course immensely tickled. Three or four groups of boys, still hanging about their schoolroom doors, waiting the arrival of their respective masters, passed round the joke about "faggy" and *fagi*, and Dr. Courtley was gratified by youthful appreciation.

In the meantime the Doctor's servant, Phidler, of gouty tendencies, and a scorbatic countenance, was shuffling towards me with a ladder.

"You get up," he said, gruffly, when he had fixed it, firmly resting on the railings, and reaching up to King Henry's head.

I obeyed, and fetched down my hat. I heard a slight cheer, which, as in a court of justice, was immediately repressed.

"Come here, sir," called out the portly master with the intelligent forehead. As I was approaching, I heard him saying to his dapper companion, "Like Pat Jennings—'regained the felt, and felt what he regained,'"—whereat the Mr. Perk smiled, and moved off, being followed into a distant room by a troop of boys.

I had some idea that I should be expelled, or at least flogged there and then.

"What part of the thchool are you in?" asked Dr. Courtley.

"Lower Fourth, sir."

"Take off your hat," he said; for in my nervousness, and forgetful of the presence in which I stood, I had quietly replaced it on my head.

"Who threw your hat there?" he went on.

"I don't know, sir," I answered, adding by way of satisfactory explanation, "I've only just come here this half, sir."

"Whathth your name?"

"Colvin, sir," I answered, almost expecting him to make a jest of it, and perhaps some further rough treatment from the three masters who were still with their superior. To them he turned, saying, in a tone of genuine annoyance—

"It'th iniquitouth! really mot'th iniquitouth! It'th an old barbarouth cutt'om I should like to thee abolished.

You will if you pleathe ekthpreth my opinion thtrongly, motht thtrongly, on what I conthider to be thith motht ungentlemanly conduct—motht ungentlemanly—and I thall ekthpect whoever had a hand in thith to give themthelvth up, and come to me in Upper Thehool before twelve o'clock."

The masters bowed, and walked away to their several departments. Dr. Courtley then beckoned to a big boy, who, with a slip of paper in his hand, was going from one door to another.

"Prepother!"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy so addressed, advancing hat in hand.

"Thow thith boy, Mathter Colvin, where the Lower Divithion Fourth Form ith atsembled, and then go round to all the Divithions and thay that I ekthpect every boy who wath contherned in thith motht ungentlemanly, and motht unjuthtifable, protheeding, to come to me in Upper Thehool by twelve o'clock."

"Yes, sir."

"You can go," said Dr. Courtley, dismissing me; and away I went at the heels of the Prepostor, along the cloister, through a dark archway, and up a broad flight of stairs.

"Do you know who knocked your tile over the rails?" asked the boy, stopping when we were out of Dr. Courtley's sight and hearing.

"No."

"What's your name?"

"Colvin." I began to wish I could vary the answer.

"Where do you board?"

"Keddy's."

"Oh, Punch's. Old Keddy's called Punch," he explained.

"Oh!" I said, pleased to find that such liberties could be taken with a master's name.

"My name's Pinter," he continued, "Pinter major. I'm in Upper Remove. My minor's just come. In your form."

"Your minor?" I repeated, humbly, for I hadn't an idea what he meant, and really thought it was some allusion to the mining districts, or perhaps to some young lady, whose name being Wilhelmina had been abbreviated to

Mina, of which I remembered an instance in the case of the sister of one of Old Carter's boys. It puzzled me, however, to think how Miss Mina Pinter, if there were such a person, could be in my form at Holyshade. I was too frightened to ask him any questions.

"Yes," he replied, not appreciating my difficulty. "You'll be next to him, most likely." "Him" meant his minor, and certainly of the masculine gender.

He now opened a large door and removed his hat. I followed his example. An indistinct hum of voices fell on my ear, with a strong one occasionally predominating. We were in Upper School, in the first division of which, cut off from the next section by heavy red curtains, sat the Lower Fourth Form boys, engaged in construing to a tall master.

The prepostor pointed out a seat to me, but before I took my place the master asked—

"What's your name?"

"Colvin, sir," said I, very hot and uncomfortable. Whereat there was a titter.

Then the Pinter major (Pinter minor was next me, and was his younger brother—I soon discovered that, by boldly asking him *his* name) delivered Dr. Courtley's message, which was frankly announced by the master to the boys.

At this there was no titter. On the contrary. Only a quarter of an hour more schooltime remained (the eleven o'clock school commenced at ten minutes past, and lasted till a quarter to twelve, and sometimes till twelve), and nearly ten minutes of this was occupied by an official inquiry into, what might now be termed, "Colvin's case."

So many had had a hand in, or a foot at, my hat, that, on Holyshadian principles of honour, everyone feeling himself affected by the charge, offered himself on this occasion.

This happened in all the Upper School forms from the Middle Division Fifth downwards, until the story of My Hat began to assume the form of the familiar alphabet which recounts the history of "A was an apple-pie." B had bumped

at it, C had cut it, D had danced on it, E had egged others on, H had helped them, I had injured it, J had jumped on it, K had kicked it, and so on.

Thus, by twelve o'clock, at least sixty or seventy boys were waiting, with me, to hear what the Head Master had to say to them.

They were summoned to the furthest part of the schoolroom, where Dr. Courtley, standing in a sort of reading-desk, received them.

He was very strong on the "barbarity and brutality of thith protheeding, and athtonithed that any Englith gentlemen could have been guilty of thutth a blaggaird—yeth, he would thay thutth a blaggaird athhun. He withed it to be clearly underthtood that Mathter Colvin had named nobody"—no great merit on my part, by the way, as I was unacquainted with a single name, except Pinter's and the Biffords', whom I had not yet seen—"and therefore," continued Dr. Courtley, with severe emphasis and with considerable dignity, "I trutht there will be no mean or bathe attempt at retaliathun; but I intend to mark my thenthe of thith ungentlemanly conduct, by an impothithun. You will write out, and tranthlate——"

What it was to be I lost, as Pinter major, who was attending, officially, as the præpostor charged with the delivery of the Doctor's message, whispered to me that I should at once ask Old Smugg (Good heavens! even Dr. Courtley had a nickname!) to remit the punishment. He urged me so strenuously, that, plucking up a prodigious amount of courage, I stepped forward, and addressed the Head Master in a husky and tremulous voice.

"If you please, sir——"

"Hey, What 'th that?" said Dr. Courtley, putting up his glasses in utter astonishment. He could not at first ascertain exactly whence the voice proceeded. Having satisfied himself on this point, and focussed me by squinting down his nose, he asked, as if impatient at the interruption, "Well, what ith it?"

"Go it!" whispered Pinter major, prompting me behind.

I felt that all eyes were on me, and I did more than warm with my subject; I glowed with it into quite a perspiration, and, adopting Pinter major's whispered advice, I determined to "go it," or, as it were, die on the floor of the House.

Looking up at the Head Master, I made this remarkable request:—

"If you please, sir, will you let them off?"

Dr. Courtley considered. I was trembling with agitation.

"Well," he said, slowly, "it'th a noble thing to athk. It'th the part of a gentleman and a Chritthian. I content."

As if by inspiration a hearty cheer was given.

The Doctor held up his hand. "But mind," he went on, "never let me hear of thith again. If I do, depend upon it, ath it'th a dithgrathe to the thchool, it thall be motht theverely punithed. Now you can go."

No sooner had he disappeared, which he did by a side door as rapidly as possible, than the delighted boys insisted upon "hoisting" me, a peculiar Holyshadian fashion of celebrating the triumph of anyone of their boating heroes, and closely resembling the old ceremony of chairing a member, or an Irish crowd's method of elevating, on their shoulders, a popular counsel, after the successful issue of a State Trial.

I had begun that day at Holyshade without a friend: before the night I was hand and glove with the whole school.

But I made no friend here like Austin Comberwood, from whom I heard about the middle of the half, informing me that he was leaving England for his health's sake, and was to be accompanied as far as Nice by Mr. Venn, who was to act as his private tutor for some months to come. Austin added that he thought Mr. Venn had obtained some appointment abroad, and intended to live on the Continent. I was more interested in reading that Alice was, just now, the guest of the Cavanders, than in any news about Mr. Venn.

To be continued.

A JATRA.

ON the north bank of the sacred Nerbudda, about twenty miles from the mouth, there is a little village called Bhadbhut, which, with the exception of one month in every eighteen years, exists in the quiet placid way natural to Hindu villages. The houses are of mud; there is no bazar, and the only substantial building in the place is the white temple overlooking the river. No one of higher authority lives here than the village patels, who can scarcely read or write, and the village accountant, who does those offices for them; and their only subordinates are a few Bhils, who act as village watchmen, and are distinguished from their non-official brethren only by the bows and arrows they carry. But as that particular month approaches the village begins to grow, and by the time the new moon is visible it is a town. There is a bazar, broad and long, lined with the shops of grain-sellers, and cloth-sellers, and spice-sellers, and sweetmeat-sellers, and braziers; there is street after street of new houses; on the shore there is a perfect fleet of boats, each with its one short mast, supporting a mighty sweeping yard three times the length of itself, and new boats arriving can hardly make their way among the swarms of bathers.

The explanation of the change is that the Jatra has begun. A year composed of lunar months, like that of the Hindu calendar, is very rickety, and continually wants patching; and it is prescribed that when the month Bhadarava's turn to be intercalated comes—which happens in eighteen years—then for the space of the second Bhadarava a Jatra is to be held at Bhadbhut. Now the most extraordinary thing about a Jatra is the absence of anything extraordinary. That so many people should

come so far to see so little, that they should be so happy in doing nothing, and take so much trouble about it, is really surprising.

The belief that there is particular virtue in bathing in the Nerbudda at this particular time and place partly accounts for the assemblage, but what have holy pilgrims to do with merry-go-rounds, which are as crowded as the temple? and what means the roaring trade in brass and copper pots? But it is neither religion nor traffic that brings all these people together; thousands come only for the fun of the thing, and what the fun is, is the greatest puzzle to a European. There are the merry-go-rounds, certainly; nor are they confined to youth: a full-grown man will mount a small green wooden horse, and ride as if his only object in life were to catch the yellow one in front of him; and old men who are past such severe equestrian conflicts will still take a seat in the cars that travel an inner and more sober circuit. Dancing and singing and story-telling go on too. Nautches are not to be seen, but there is a simple amateur dance, accompanied with the voice. Legs and lungs qualify anyone to take part. Violent music, proceeding from a tent, may induce a few thousands to pay a small fee to go inside and see two or three wooden figures making foolish bows. Less sensational, but more artistic representations of scenes from holy legends, with Krishna often as the central figure, are also to be seen. But the great sight of all is to see how many people are doing nothing at all. The hum of voices goes on all night, and even an hour or two before dawn: in every quieter spot a firmament of glowing cigarettes shows how many are unwilling to waste these precious hours in sleep.

The ordinary pilgrim's attendance at the temple is very brief. The crowd pour in at one door and out at another immediately. To continue passing through and through, from the calling of the god in the morning till the terrible voice which is supposed to send him to sleep at sunset, is a work of merit. Near the temple sit the holy mendicants and ascetics, almost naked, smeared all over with mud, wearing their hair and beard uncut, and looking altogether perfectly hideous and perfectly self-satisfied. Some of them are very distinguished—as he who has come down from Benares, measuring the whole distance with his prostrate body; and he who lies all day on a plank, studded with nails points upwards; and he who has held his hand up in the air for twenty-five years, till the finger-

nails have grown so long that he appears to be holding up a bunch of snakes, and the muscles of the arm perfectly rigid. This wretched man will consent to bring his hand down again (he says he would have to soak the muscles in oil for three weeks in order to do so), if anyone will feast for him three thousand Brahmins.

Truly there is not much that is pleasing in a Jatra—childish amusements and miserably corrupt superstition. Still, Anglo-Saxons at least must admire that hundreds of thousands of persons are content to take their holiday where no liquor is allowed to be sold, and that, great as are the crowds, there is no quarrelling, and, helpless and unprotected as the people are, scarcely any crime.

IN THE VINEYARDS OF TOURAINE.

THE trials of tourists wandering from one uncomfortable hotel to another, and experiencing the vicissitudes of wind and weather which all travellers are heir to, and the apparently equal trials of those who expose themselves to ridicule by quietly remaining in their houses, were eloquently put before us when the last holiday season set in. It is satisfactory to reflect that a third course is still open, and that it is possible to find the golden mean between the two extremes of perpetual motion and "masterly inactivity." Instead of running restlessly to and fro from picture galleries in one town to churches and palaces in another, from canals in Holland to sunrises at the top of the Righi, why not come quietly to anchor at once in some pleasant spot combining beauty of landscape with an agreeable climate, a fresh scene with an entirely new entourage, and thus spend the yearly holiday ; for to have a holiday in autumn now-a-days is as much a necessary of life to a grown man as vacations at Christmas and mid-summer were in his boyhood.

To go abroad unhampered by the incubus of English servants, to stay in one place for a couple of months and there live the life of the country, waited on by the servants of the country, and associating exclusively with its people, is to put yourself in the way of obtaining an accurate knowledge of both country and people to be had in no other manner, whilst, as a hygienic proceeding, the cheerful villa in which these weeks or months may be passed will probably be found more satisfactory than a dismal lodging-house at a second-rate watering place, where the tenant is not unlikely to be favoured with the reversion of a scarlet or typhus fever.

We have such a villa in our own mind close to the beautiful city of Tours, a

little French country-house just the size for comfort, looking down over the luxuriant meadows and valley of the Chosille, a situation so healthy that it is known as the sanitarium of Tours, unvisited even by cholera when that frightful scourge was an epidemic elsewhere. The house is built in the style of architecture prevalent in France more than a century ago, and stands in the midst of fruitful vineyards, the soil being so dry that five minutes after a torrent of rain the garden walks retain no traces of it. The complete absence of damp can be recognized by the present condition of a pictorial paper on the walls of the drawing-room—which paper was put on more than a hundred years ago, and not a morsel of it has peeled off.

In this retreat we have ourselves passed more than one delightful season, and if we could persuade any of our readers to follow our example and spend next autumn among the vineyards of Touraine, we are confident they would acknowledge themselves our debtors for the introduction.

Most civilized countries, whether in ancient or modern times, have possessed their own particular Elysian fields, the favourite spot where it is the ambition of the inhabitants at some period of their lives to have a niche wherein to build their nest. Now, in the imagination of every Frenchman terrestrial paradise is the Touraine ; "le jardin de la France" is his Eden, and if even a Parisian indulges in a dream of country life it is always in Touraine that his château en Espagne is reared. An outsider cannot comprehend the magic charm which attaches the French so strongly to this province. As far as scenery is concerned prettier landscapes are to be found in France, and although a great wine country, better wine is

made on the Garonne than on the Loire, whilst to chance visitors, who cannot judge of the weather all the year round, the climate appears almost tropical from the sudden and violent changes from heat to cold, sun to storm—and such storms occasionally as to compare with nothing short of an Indian monsoon. All this is true, and still there hangs a charm over the Touraine which in our opinion entitles it to the high place it holds in the affections of Frenchmen.

As regards climate, though the temperature is unequal, both heat and cold are less severe than in the southern or more northern provinces. An average winter would commence towards the middle of November, when for three weeks or a month the glass might perhaps fall lower than in the midland counties of England during any part of the winter; but these bad weeks over, a month of mild, damp weather ensues, and then February bursts upon the scene clothed in all the beauty of spring, the air soft and balmy, and the weather sufficiently warm to admit of sitting in the open air for hours together. The great test of climate is vegetation, and not only does the pomegranate thrive, but even the olive grows on many of the hill sides.

A February day in Touraine is in temperature exactly like the cold weather in Upper India, the mornings being sharp; but the sun well up, the external warmth admitting of fires being dispensed with till sunset. It must be confessed that a very *mauvais quart d'heure* has to be endured among the March winds, but April is usually absolutely hot, whilst in ordinary years May is so delicious that all the poetry exhausted upon that month from Chaucer to our own time might have had its inspiration in Touraine. Then for the fruit. Pomona must have deserted for a while her enclosure to bestow undivided attention to the Garden of France, as nowhere else that we are acquainted with is there such a shower of summer fruit.

This part of France is unusually rich in historical remains and associations.

During the seventh and eighth centuries it was almost exclusively governed by its bishops, receiving thus early an ecclesiastical bias, the traces of which still survive. The train of kings who held their court there have left historical monuments of every kind of their presence, and these are for the most part well preserved. It was in the cathedral of Tours that Richard Cœur de Lion received the insignia of a crusader; Touraine was the dowry of Mary Stuart; at Chénouneaux the bedroom of Catherine de Medici is almost intact, and the wonderful picture gallery she threw over Diane de Poitiers' bridge still forms one of the most striking points of the castle. After many changes of fortune the Château de Chénouneaux has passed into the hands of Madame Pelouse, the widow of a celebrated maker of dyes, particularly the Magenta dye, and a man of considerable wealth. Madame Pelouse and her brother, Mr. Wilson, a naturalized Frenchman, and one of the deputies of the National Assembly, have made it their home, and restored it with the most minute care, at enormous expense, and with such consummate judgment and taste that Chénouneaux embodies the most faithful and interesting record of the past extant, whether in stone or parchment.

Such are a few out of the many historical souvenirs of Touraine. To speak of them all would be the work of a volume, of which Amboise alone would occupy a considerable part. It was at Amboise that the Italian artists brought back by Charles VIII. after his ill-advised Italian expedition established themselves; their establishment here, and the impetus they gave to art, being at all events one solid result of an enterprise against which the king's most prudent advisers had protested, and whose forebodings were justified by the event. Close to Amboise Leonardo da Vinci breathed his last in the arms of Francis I., at a place called Clos-Lucé. The specimens of architecture of the fifteenth century, still to be seen at Clos-Lucé, and even the old paintings in what was once the chapel, are worth a visit, irrespective of the

interest otherwise attaching to the "Manoir." But innumerable traditions and memories cling to Amboise, the residence of so many of the kings of France. In one of the massive turrets of the castle the Emperors Charles V. and Francis I. both nearly came to an untimely end; and it was against one of the doors inside the building that Francis II. struck his head so violently that he did not survive the injury, an injury fraught with momentous consequences to France, Scotland, and Europe itself, delivering as it did the government of France for two successive reigns into the unprincipled hands of Catherine de Medici. The beautiful gardens of the château were the favourite pleasure grounds of Charles VIII., where both he and Louis XII. spent hours together planning with Anne of Bretagne (the "chère Anne" of the latter), the suites of apartments where so many brilliant entertainments were destined to take place. Coming down to our own time, it was within the walls of the Castle of Amboise that Abd-el-Kader and all his followers were confined, and in the small Mussulman cemetery crowded with graves there are melancholy proofs of the effects of the climate, temperate as it is, on these Eastern constitutions.

Any mention of the grand recollections which belong to Touraine, however incomplete, should still include the name of Marmoutier, the ancient abbey founded in the fourth century by the celebrated St. Martin of Tours, and which was the chief of all the monasteries in France, more ancient, indeed, than the monarchy itself—the first dynasty dating only from the fifth century. This fact—that it was considered the greatest of the convents—is handed down to us in the name it bore of *Majus Monasterium*, gradually corrupted into Marie-Moutier, and afterwards *Marmoutier*. St. Martin has been styled the holiest of all the saints of the Gallican Church, and his fame has travelled far beyond the province of which he is the patron and most revered saint.

Dean Stanley, in his "Historical Memo-

rials of Canterbury," tells us that "the venerable church of St. Martin is a memorial of the recollections which Queen Bertha, the wife of Ethelbert, King of Kent, cherished of her native country, Saint Martin of Tours being the most famous of all the Christian saints of whom she had heard before she came to England." The banner of St. Martin, made of a piece of the old blue cloak of the saint, was the Royal Banner of France until the reign of Louis le Gros, who abandoned it, and adopted the Oriflamme in its place. Marmoutier is about three miles out of Tours, and commands a magnificent view, extending over the river and the whole valley of the Loire, flanked by the cathedral towers. The property has been purchased by the order of the Sacré Cœur, a congregation of cloistered nuns, whose special function is the education of girls; whose houses have the reputation of being the best girls' schools in France.

The number of English and Americans wintering in Tours has sensibly diminished within the last few years. A quarter of a century ago, crowds of strangers from all parts, even as far north as Russia, flocked to Touraine, which enjoyed a considerable reputation as a sanitarium for consumptive patients. Of these strangers, by far the greater proportion were English; and how large the influx of our own countrymen must have been can be judged by the fact that the services of the Church of England were performed in two chapels simultaneously. In Balzac's little story of "La Grenadière," a small house still pointed out as the scene of his sketch, on the banks of the Loire, in the Commune of St. Cyr, he speaks of the English who, in his younger days, "had fallen like a swarm of grasshoppers upon Touraine, so that there were no longer houses enough to accommodate them; and little chalets, intended only for the convenience of vineyard proprietors during the vintage, had to be fitted up as campagnes, to be let for the summer season." Balzac, whose love for his native provinces find its expression in the most exquisite descriptions of its varied

charms, declares that the little corner which contains the Grenadière is a small Touraine in itself, where all the beauties of the province are represented in miniature. He says the English would pay 1,000 francs for the privilege of inhabiting it during the six summer months (for it is worth noticing that, whereas at that time the English seem to have considered Touraine an agreeable summer retreat, the few who find their way there now invariably go for the winter). But Balzac warns his readers that it is vain to hope to become the possessor of La Grenadière at any price. "La Grenadière will never be sold. In 1690 it was bought, and afterwards regretfully parted with for 40,000 francs, like some favourite horse abandoned to its fate by the Arab of the desert; it has, however, always remained in the same family, of which it is the pride and heirloom. From the terraces of La Grenadière the eye reaches across three separate valleys, and embraces the Cathedral of Tours, whose graceful towers are suspended like lace-work in the air. Can such treasures as these be paid for? Can money buy for you the new life and health you breathe under those lime-trees?"

As late as last October the marks of the Prussians were on the walls and window-shutters of the cottages and buildings in the vicinity of large towns; and are visible on doors in many of the small towns still. Whether these chalk inscriptions are suffered to remain as evidence of the unconscionable number of men and horses the several householders were bound to entertain, or whether the Tourangeaux—notoriously a peaceable, apathetic race, whom even the convulsions of the great Revolution failed to upset in any great degree—have not thought it worth while to remove them, we know not; but there they are to demonstrate, in almost every instance, that the size of the lodging was altogether out of proportion to the number of the enemy and his incumbrances it was expected to lodge. It is curious what conflicting opinions could be gleaned as to the behaviour of the victors; whilst the conduct of their

unwilling hosts was equally varied. In some houses the Germans were endured as necessary evils, they were given plenty to eat and drink, and to all intents and purposes treated like visitors who have outstayed their welcome, but from whom a certain amount of civility cannot be withheld. Others made no attempt to conciliate them, but gave exactly what they were compelled to give and no more, on no account taking their meals with them—a practice they stigmatized as an incomprehensible want of patriotism on the part of those who, from economy, could not maintain two tables. One lady assured us that she could say with pride that, throughout the time the Prussians were under her roof, she had never even seen them. It is probable also that the behaviour of the conquering army was unequal as regards both time and place during the war. Towards the termination of the struggle they became exasperated at the unexpected resistance they encountered, and showed less and less regard for the feelings and property of the vanquished. In some places, also, it is beyond doubt that the behaviour of the officers was intolerable, whilst of the men there was hardly a complaint from one end to the other of the German lines.

From what we could gather, however, our impression is that consideration was the exception, and that if the conduct of the Prussians was arrogant and exacting towards their enemies, it was notably so with regard to those who were neither enemies nor friends. The Alabama dispute has enlightened us on the duties of neutrals towards belligerents, but we should like to see those of belligerents towards neutrals as clearly defined. If there are to be neither exemptions nor privileges for the latter, it becomes a very one-sided kind of reciprocity. Now, throughout the war of 1870-71, the Prussians made a point of treating the subjects of a neutral power exactly as they did the people of the country with whom they were fighting. They laid it down as a maxim that anyone choosing to live on French soil was amenable to the same laws and treatment as the

French themselves. Any departure from this rule appears to have been in favour of the Russian and American flags, both of which seem to have been more delicately handled than the Union Jack.

The yearly gathering in of the grapes provides a great field for the occupation of children of both sexes; and as the vintage takes place at the time of the general holidays, the schooling of the boys and girls is in no wise interfered with; at the same time it is a healthful and profitable mode of spending the season of recreation, and in this work they are very largely employed in all the wine-growing districts of France. This arrangement is in fact almost a necessity, from the very great scarcity of adult male labour at all times, but especially at the time of the vintage, partly because it is a work which, like hop-gathering or harvesting, naturally takes place everywhere at the same moment, and partly because almost everyone has his own grapes to gather and his own wine to make. This literal dwelling of "every man under his own vine" is pleasant to see; but it is a pleasure mixed with regret, as the mind naturally reverts to the different state of affairs among our own labouring people.

And why should there be so radical a difference in their condition? The secret which lies at the root of the whole matter is the more equal, and therefore more equitable, division of land among the people of the land.

In a country like France, where everything is cheap, why should male labour be comparatively dear? The reason is simply this: so few are obliged to till the land of others that it is not always easy to find an odd man for job work; and when you have found him, he can pretty well command his own price. Except at very outlying country places, fifteen or twenty miles from any town, a man, or even a boy of sixteen, cannot be had for the commonest farm work for less than half-a-crown a day in summer, or fifteen shillings a week. From November 1st until the beginning of March, they receive two francs a day, and this not for skilled labour but

for the most ordinary and simple operations in farm or garden.

We have alluded to the comparative scarcity of adult male labour; the following statistics will make the matter plain to our readers:—

The superficial area of France is 250,000 square miles, or 170,000,000 acres. The population, according to the return of the last census taken, is 35,000,000, or five acres of land to each inhabitant. There are 8,000,000 of electors—adult males; therefore, each of these must be calculated to have on an average 21 acres.

There are, however, in France only 5,000,000 of landed proprietors, leaving 3,000,000 of adult males who do not possess landed property. The average of landed properties thus becomes 34 acres.

The 3,000,000 who do not possess landed property are divided as follows: 2,210,000 are the sons of landed proprietors whose parents are alive, but who will succeed after their death to the property they will leave, and 800,000 workmen in and inhabitants of large towns, and people who have been obliged to sell from extravagance or misfortune.

The average of landed properties being 34 acres, it has been ascertained that of the 5,000,000 proprietors, 3,800,000 hold between 20 and 40 acres, 1,100,000 between 5 and 20 acres, 86,000 between 40 and 100 acres, and 14,000 above 100 acres.

Figures as well as facts are stubborn things, and the figures we have given above tell their own story, and require no comment to add to their force.

Our space does not permit us to describe as minutely as it deserves this beautiful portion of France, its productions and monuments; and we regretfully take leave of the subject in the words of Martin Marteau, who, in his "*Paradis délicieux de la Touraine*," affirms, "*C'est une des plus belles, meilleures, excellentes et agréables, voire mesme des plus fertiles provinces de cet opulent royaume, pour ne pas dire de ce grand monde.*"

THE BATTLE OF DORKING MADE IMPOSSIBLE.

BY A MILITARY CRITIC.

No one, we suppose, would set themselves seriously at this time of day to assert that the world at large disbelieves in the possibility of the *Battle of Dorking*. No doubt there are vast numbers of comfort-loving citizens among us who are prepared to argue, if they cannot wholly believe it, that a very rich country must be also a very safe one, and that to wish not to quarrel is to ensure oneself against being ever drawn into a dispute. But the success of the famous tale being dependent on its verisimilitude; its power over the public mind being simply that it represented in a concrete and effective way what was the public thought when it was written; the fact remains beyond dispute that it drew from the French disasters a lesson for ourselves in a manner that brought the full dangers of ungarded wealth and ease-loving civilization home to every English reader. The very bitterness in which its chief critics indulged only showed how the truth of the picture made them wince unconsciously at the force of its teachings. It drove home, in short, with one blow the lessons which a hundred other less successful writers had been trying to enforce, that to make money is not to have the certainty of keeping it, and that it is just as possible in these days for a wealthy and prosperous country to awake some morning to find itself become the tributary of another better armed than itself, as it was in those of the Punic Wars. For without desiring to aggravate international bitterness, we must take leave to point out plainly the fact, too much overlooked by our journalists, that so long as France is paying the interest on a war indemnity which is to find fortresses, harbours, railroads, telegraphs, and pensions for a neighbour, so long she is

under a direct tribute paid merely in a somewhat indirect form.

But the lesson of the story did not end there. It told—coming just when it did—that this same wealthy country might be proud of her fancied power, might count her battalions as invincible, and flaunt her colours with the best, and yet discover in the moment of trial that her supposed armour was but a gilded sham which the touch of the enemy broke to pieces, leaving her as defenceless as though she had mustered no force at all. We in England might maintain it showed with painting more forcible than direct argument, long muster-rolls of volunteers and militiamen, an elaborately-conducted War Office, highly-paid departments, and a numerous staff, and yet not be able to assemble a force that should hold its own for a day in the front of an invading enemy. All this, like the contingency of the loss of our ironclads, is a very unpleasant thing to face; but the *Battle of Dorking* put it before the eyes of the nation in so clear a form that it caused thousands of anxious hearts to ask themselves then, as many are asking themselves still, what can we do to render this evil vision a thing impossible?

Such we suppose to be the question which the anonymous author of the *True Reformer* has applied himself to solve. We agree to the full with him—for the course of his tale clearly shows this to be his opinion—that in the present state of parties and the present condition of public spirit in the country, there is no hope of an immediate remedy against our worst national danger. Herein, it may be added, is the vital distinction between his purpose and that of other well-known army reformers who have agitated the

question. Herein, too, is the true reason, as we doubt not, for his exhibiting his scheme in the framework of a romance. Others have made it their task to force proposals more or less revolutionary on the attention of the press, the Legislature, and the country, in the belief that the national mind is already sufficiently roused to the importance of the question, to give hope that their arguments will be weighed and their views possibly adopted without any greater pressure than that which has brought about other reforms that to them seem not less difficult to effect, and certainly less needed, than their own favourite idea. Our author has taken quite another course. At the opening of his novel he takes care to give his opinion pretty plainly of politics as they are at present managed, and of political parties as they now exist, and this opinion has an evident purpose:—

"The want of reality about Parliamentary warfare," he makes his hero say, "struck me the more visibly because, when I entered the House, parties in their original sense had ceased to exist. . . . There was no longer any positive difference in principle between them. The one side had given up its original rôle of resisting all change, the other its advances of constant change. Both parties had admitted that reform of any institution was advisable, if only a case could be made out for it: opinion only differed as to what constituted a valid case. So many of the leaders had changed their opinions and their sides at different times, even the two parties having once themselves changed places—the whilome Constitutionalists on one memorable occasion setting the example of 'taking a header' over a Constitutional Niagara, while their opponents in vain tried to swim against the torrent—that in fact all broad lines of demarcation had become blurred and almost obliterated. The opinions of the two parties were now for the most part shaped by the views of their leaders for the time being; and as it was usually quite an open question what view each of these two distinguished men would take upon any point that arose, party politics were reduced to a perfectly incoherent condition. All that could be predicted was, that whichever side got the start in any proposal, the other would probably oppose it; one party was just as likely as the other to assume at any moment the office of drag to the political coach. But it was plain that there needed only the rise of some great question of principle in order that the House should recast itself anew."

We have not quoted this passage to illustrate the author's thorough understanding of the politics of his time, nor the felicitous humour with which he paints its phases, our business not lying with these features of the work. But he who reads it, even hastily, must observe the care with which the political plot that is to be worked out later is here prepared for. For this extract gives the key to what is coming presently, when the machinery has to be brought into play that is to lend probability and interest to the proposed reforms. For their very thoroughness demands that they should be specially introduced; and home politics as well as foreign complications have to be made subservient to the artist's will for this great end.

I know, he may be clearly understood as saying, that although what I propose is just and good and economical; though it would be better for the army itself, and would suffice for the nation's worst need, whilst it offers no real difficulties of cost; yet it is not to be hoped for now. The very notion of a proper military organization is so opposed to the shams that now overload the army—those shams themselves, and the arguments for their maintenance, are so bound up with the conventional party-spirit of the day—that it is utterly useless to put forward such a project for serious adoption under present conditions. If you want your army to be efficient, cheap, and good, as well as contented, the axe must be laid to the roots at once of existing abuses, of existing blunders in organization, of existing evils of administration. All these have their warm defenders, who profit, or fancy they profit, by their maintenance. The whole Houses of Parliament, for instance, are at present concerned in the practice of pottering discussions, which usually do no more than tinker the minutest holes in a leaky structure, without ever touching its vital defects; and having got into this muddling system of using semi-executive functions, the members fancy it an honourable duty, instead of being what it really

is, a conventional habit of mis-spending the time in which they might be doing real work for the nation. I recognize, therefore, the impossibility of setting the truth before them forcibly enough to effect the object now, for they are among the chief causes and so among the chief supporters of the present state of things. My views are not offered as a tangible project for to-day. But I contend that there are other conditions very possible than these under which we live. Nations are not always so tranquil that a Burial of Dissenters Bill, or even a Reformation of the Law Courts, could form the supreme struggle of politicians. We who have seen proud peoples humbled and great monarchs fall, as by a magician's wand; who have watched a mighty republic solidly framed out of separate states, an empire re-erected from long-dispersed fragments, a divided and trampled-on kingdom rescued from the strangers that oppressed it and rising fresh in the glories of renewed youth; we who know that these miracles have been wrought by the power of the sword, working out with sharp stroke the behests of policy, surely need not lull ourselves with the dream of universal and enduring peace. We who have witnessed the nation whose growing wealth made us jealous, and whose wealth was matched by her fame in arms, crushed suddenly to the dust, despoiled of her means, and laid under hard tribute by her rival; shall we think it impossible that we should never even be envied, never be threatened? I hold that there is a contingency easily conceivable which would at once alarm and insult us. These great continental powers, greedy of spoil, flushed with victory, intoxicated with the gigantic powers that they wield for offence, may resolve, on some petty difference, or even without ostensible cause, to blot out the British name and power from the world's history; if they cannot succeed in the invasion which overtaken Napoleon's powers, at least to keep us in constant dread of it; and, failing the accomplishment of the familiar dream of continental strategists, to exclude us from

the political intercourse of the world and drive us to political extinction, in punishment perchance for old sins as harbourers of the refugees they dread or makers of the arms they would have us sell to none but themselves.

But let the resolve, and the ambition, and the threat once be known and felt by Englishmen; and mark the result as I picture it. The gradual awakening of the whole nation to a sense of present insult and intended injury, the rising fury of a free people at the decrees of arbitrary power, the collapse of the unreal half-hearted party cries on which the politicians of to-day are trading, the general mutiny of the Liberals especially at the supposed treason to the national trust of their chiefs, the demolition of any Ministry that had been raised into power on the old issues; all these would follow in rapid course; all these are painted in my work. The next steps are not more unlikely. The best solution of the desperate state of things would be a union of old parties, under the strong government the people demands before all other things; the first task of this strong government to put the nation beyond and above the insolent threats which had raised her fears as well as her anger. Great and powerful as is our navy, we should never dare to trust to it alone. Combination might overwhelm it. Craft might allure it from its watch. Above all, some new Ericson or other Genius of Destruction might arm our foes with such secret means of its destruction as the *Battle of Dorking* pictured, and as German engineers were actually preparing on the Baltic unknown to its author whilst he wrote his tale. We dare not, therefore, rest on this single line of defence. On land, on our own ground, within our own possessions, we have the right to be made strong enough to meet any enemy that comes. In short, the old and unsettled problem of an invasion must seriously be faced. How shall we face it best? Let us hope if such a contingency came, the nation would find its statesmen ready for their new task. None can doubt that our now faltering and divided Legislature

would be quickened into action and forced into unity. Why should not the plan be ready ere the emergency comes on us? Such is the introduction with which the author prefaces his real business. Let us briefly review the main features of the system he would build up, were our existing no-system shattered at the approach of real danger.

To meet a serious invasion we must have a large army. This on paper we maintain at present, but we maintain it chiefly on paper. For without entering into the petty complaints that are dinned into parliamentary ears of the quality of our recruits, it is easy enough to see that a force of which a fourth or fifth must be struck off before it can face the perils of a peace camp on Dartmoor is hardly, in physical calibre, what the country should rely on.

And then, the regulars make but a fraction of the heterogeneous mass borne on our estimates. Of the rest what shall we say? The Reformer we are following does not profess to despise the volunteers or depreciate the spirit which raised them. He simply leaves them out of his scheme, *so far as the latter is fixed and certain and necessary*, for the best possible reason; their organization is neither fixed nor certain. "The conditions under which volunteers serve render it impracticable, even if it were desirable, to bring them in peacetime under the general military system." Before the words were published, the chief organ of the volunteer service was publicly ridiculing the credulity of the authorities who had issued instructions placing the service under the Colonels of our new Brigade Depôts. "The colonels may call them out," said the journalist, expressing freely the sentiments of those he writes for, "but they will find themselves in the position of Owen Glendower, when he 'called spirits from the vasty deep'"—a remark so convincingly true that it needs no exposition. Volunteering, in fact, is a fine thing as an exhibition of national spirit; but no reasonable administrator does more than

look admiringly at it, and hope inwardly that we may never be left to trust our main defence to it.

We pass to the militia. As they now exist, they disappear altogether from the Reformer's scheme, as they must from that of any sane person who looks seriously at the proposed object for which the country pays them. To collect a mass of these unwieldy battalions, made up for the most part of boys and dissipated men, that enlist solely for the petty bounty reserved for this force, and to put this scarecrow gathering, led by officers who barely see enough of their rank-and-file to get them through ordinary parade drill, on the green hills above Dorking, or any other hills up which swarms of German or of French, or of Russian skirmishers were deftly springing in that new and terrible order of battle with which late victories have made us familiar, would be but to repeat the follies of Gambetta without his excuse. No; our militia as they now are may serve to swell the pride of county magnates, to give fancied employment to officers tired of real service, to help a minister to tickle the ears of the House with the enumeration of his inflated muster-roll. But as a serious defence, the 130,000 men borne on their lists might as well be struck off it. The battalions are just that sort of "bloated armament" which it is easy for an Opposition leader to denounce. They are extravagantly costly for the actual work they do; and they serve to delude the country into the blind fallacy that at call they would serve to double her regular brigades of infantry; whereas in truth, if mixed with those that exist anywhere out of defensive works, they would but serve to hamper and weaken them. So thinks the Reformer; and so they disappear from his organization more absolutely than the volunteers. Numbers we must have indeed. That is an unfortunate necessity of the solution of the problem; but the numbers must not be got by a false show of weakly men dressed in red to look like soldiers, trained to "march past," and hold their arms like soldiers, but wholly unfit and untaught

to take the difficult part of soldiers in the exigencies of modern battle.

Yet our actual peace army must not be large. If anything, it should be less in numbers than the present standard, to balance other expenditures which the scheme involves. How can this be done? is it asked. How did Scharnhorst act in those evil days, when, still working in secret for the royal master Napoleon forbade him to serve, he learnt the decree under which the once-proud realm of Frederick was to be limited to a standing army of 42,000 men all told. Short service, and many men put through it, was his instant prescription; which, being followed to the letter, served three years later to put more than 100,000 Prussians into the field against the oppressor, needing but the arms they received through England's aid to enable each man to strike as became the deliverer of a home. We, too, must have short service, and large reserves, fed regularly from the ranks. We cannot get these by conscription. The Reformer is practical enough to know well that universal conscription in a peaceful country becomes, what it has long been in Belgium and in Switzerland, a sham of the most dangerous order; and that therefore it, in any real sense, would demand pressure no less than such as France has been seen by us to undergo—not the mere pressure of panic or of just alarm. He remembers that the only sound basis of a national force is, that it should conform to the national habits and constitution, and that the habit of Englishmen is to offer their labour freely, but to expect the market price for it. This, therefore, is the simple condition of his reserve—payment sufficient to make it worth men's while to be in it, so long as it is thought worth while to retain them. Let it be a shilling a day that is required, or more, or less, it should be paid. Three and a half millions must be laid out to maintain such a reserve 200,000 strong, the number needed to raise the home peace army of 90,000 effectives—being less than our present standard—to its war or mobilized footing. But

then we shall get rid of the million and a quarter out-pension list; of another million and a quarter at least of the votes for our present paper reserves; of the charge for more than a fourth of our present home establishment. Effective cadres, too, must ever be comparatively inexpensive affairs, as contrasted with large and ineffective battalions. The same principle might even be extended a little further, and one-fourth or one-fifth only of the trained rank and file retained with the colours, at a cost considerably less than the present estimates, and with security for the country as the prize of the reform. As to the pay of the men actually embodied, some reasonable improvements have of late been made, and it would be necessary to extend these but little further. When once it became known and felt that an able-bodied man who could get enlisted might, after a year's service, secure the prize of some 20*l.* a year for three or five or seven years, on the simple conditions of proper behaviour whilst with the colours, and mere registration of residence afterwards, with liability to duty in case of war, the army would have what it has never had since the days of Cromwell, the full command of the unskilled labour-market; and it would be as then—invincible. Military prisons, deserters, lying recruiting-sergeants, would be among the tales of an evil past; and the nation, for the first time, when the army estimates were voted, would feel that it had the worth of its money. The problem of enlistment, together with the problem of reserves, would be resolved by one stroke of courage; and our forces, placed on a truly national basis, as those of Germany now are, would be as effective as hers for our more modest national needs.

Yet men, even if well trained, should be well officered. And what of the officers of the new army? How can we get rid of the load of petty discontents that now oppress this class? How reconcile the mass of them to their new duty of constantly instructing recruits? This is their normal existence in Prussia; how can we make it tolerable to English

gentlemen, already murmuring at their men's service, though twice the German length, as overshort, and uttering loud objections to the new calls put on them? Officers we must have, hearty in their work, and accomplished in their profession. The one great secret of their successes, the present victors of Europe are agreed, is the formation, by long care and systematic training, of such a body of officers for their cadres of their young soldiers. With such, the roughest of recruits may soon be trained to believe themselves, and so to prove, invincible. Without such a body, old soldiers or young are alike untrustworthy materials for victory. It is at this point that the Reformer is at once most original and yet most simple in his proposals. He has gone to the very root of the matter as it has never been reached by any of the numerous essayists that have trod the same path with steps less bold.

"The fact is," to use a single sentence which gives the key to his thoughts, "one civil branch of the army after another has gained concessions, through clamour and agitation, till the combatant officers have been degraded to the lowest place." This state of things, it is fairly added, may have had some show of justification formerly; but their education is now as scientific as that of the so-called scientific branches, and the matter calls urgently for reform. Moreover, the country is overrun by field-officers and nominal generals, for whom no employment is to be found, even if it were expected. Let this false state of things cease. Let military titles henceforward signify that the holders of them are really what they are called. We have cheapened rank—the soldier's best reward—till it has become worthless to those it should have enriched. Let honorary rank and honorary promotion cease. The present state of things is as preposterous (it is happily observed) as that when field-officers were taken from the nursery. Let no man in future be called a general who has not actually at least commanded a brigade. Abolish, as matter of course, that calamitous mon-

strosity the Indian Staff Corps, sweeping the Revenue Policemen, and Surveyors, and Accountants, and Civil Magistrates who are now cumbering its list, and looking forward, forsooth, to the rank of General with "Colonels' allowances," into a new Civil Service, made attractive by proper pensions. Recast the fraction of the Corps that really does military duty into regimental lists; cease, in short, to flood Cheltenham and Bath and Brighton with an ocean of worthy old gentlemen whose pretensions to the titles they bear are as unreal as though they were called Deans or Masters in Chancery. Only carry out this single reform unflinchingly, and your War Minister will have ready to his hand, without one farthing of expense, cadres of officers contented with their duties, honourably ambitious of professional advancement, and desirous of professional culture. You will, moreover, at once get rid of the agitator's false cry of our overwhelming lists of generals, who are no generals at all; whilst you will take from the officers themselves all pretence for discontent, all belief that they have been tricked or wronged. As matters now stand, they have been wronged, unintentionally it is true, but yet most grievously; for their very birthright as soldiers has been made valueless. The commission, which should have been a richer reward than gold, has been stripped of its worth by the tinsel imitations of it scattered broadcast through the land. Undo this single evil, and once more a commission in the British Army will come to be received as of itself so honourable a distinction that the rich man and the poor alike will share contentedly the toil it must carry with it in a new army. And this new army, raised without difficulty, will find no difficulty in its training at the hands of the officer of the future.

But the number of officers maintained in time of peace, even on a liberal footing, can never suffice for the needs of war. Here let us take a special lesson from German experience. There are some 17,000 officers in the vast Army List of the new empire; but it needs

10,000 more to carry that army, when mobilized, efficiently into the field. Let us, then, take the steps which are necessary to at once keep our volunteers efficient and our home army supplied. Extra subalterns will, of course, be the chief demand in time of war. Prepare for this demand by insisting on a certain number of young volunteer officers going through a short line service, sufficient to qualify them for company duty, rewarding them with provisional or reserve commissions in the regiments they serve with, which are to come into force from the moment that regiment is mobilized for real service or special training. Such commissions should, of course, be only valid for a fixed term of years: but they might be prolonged on fair conditions. The last provision we add to the Reformer's suggestion, together with the further argument in favour of this part of the project, that it would bring into connection with the service the very class of young men who now give the best officers to the militia, those who like the profession, yet cannot give their whole lives to professional soldiering. The Reformer's story supposes him to be too strong for the opposition to his scheme; but he would welcome any aid to the making it enduringly popular with all classes.

A similar inexpensive arrangement, the giving publicly "Provisional" War Commissions to the best of our staff officers, is to provide for the emergencies of mobilization without leaving the selection of leaders to be made under the chances of haste.

The army thus raised in the mass and thus officered, yet needs organization to be an army at all. Our present organization is so universally admitted to be unsatisfactory and incomplete, that no apology is needed for any thorough reformer going into this part of his task with a will. And it is evident from the basis here taken from his detail, that he knows just as well how to avoid a slavish

copying of a foreign example as to use a successful model where its proportions suit our own needs. Local organization, especially organization by local Army Corps, is a favourite fancy of the reformers that have gone before him. They forget the impossibility of carrying out such a system whilst the broad political differences between Great Britain and Ireland remain uneffaced; and they forget that our compact size, closeness of population, and complete railway system render it quite unnecessary for the real object—the rapid mobilization of our peace army. The Reformer, therefore, boldly treats the whole country as the Germans treat a single province, and the problem which is vexing French administrators is solved for the United Kingdom at a word, and that in a thoroughly practical way. It should be added, that this view enables him to utilize the new system of Brigade Depots and the existing Military Districts nearly as they are, and so saves all expense but that of the railway transport needed for the reserves when called in.

It is not our purpose to follow him through the other details of his scheme. These will richly reward those experts who examine them. They will find the work quite as thorough when dealing with battalions or squadrons, as when exposing the confusion of that overgrown service which we persist in preserving as "The Regiment" of Artillery, or the pedantry of that other scientific corps which would train itself so highly at its Chatham School, "a sort of military Little Pedlington, as soon to make it quite unfit for any other kind of employment." But our hope is not that these lessons may bear immediate fruit; rather (to use the words of an unknown critic) that when the pressure comes, if it should come, our councillors "may find what they will need, not in pamphlets or Reports of Commissions, but in the wise and witty pages of this novel."

MR. DEUTSCH AND THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW."

THE new Number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains an article on the Talmud, against a part of which I desire, though at a distance from all means of reference, to enter my emphatic protest. I allude to the terms in which the writer has spoken of Mr. Deutsch's well-known article in the *Quarterly Review*. I do not insist on the want of taste which could lead one writer to depreciate another so soon after the death of that other—almost in fact before he is cold in his foreign grave; for taste must be born with a man, and a writer who could commit such a breach of good manners and good feeling will be unable to understand the gravity of his mistake. But I allude particularly to the charge brought against Mr. Deutsch's treatment of his subject. "Brilliant as that essay was," says the *Edinburgh*, "it was superficial. It gave a very partial view of what the Talmud really is, and it did scant justice to many considerable labourers in the same field of inquiry. Mr. Deutsch spoke as if nobody before himself had written anything intelligible on the subject; but to say nothing of the chapter devoted to it by Dean Milman in his History of the Jews, the entire Mishna exists in a Latin version the work of Surenhuse," and the reviewer proceeds to enumerate various other translations of separate treatises of the Mishna and Gemara, which are, he says, "enough to enable a very modest scholarship to gain a correct idea of much which it contains."

In the above passage the word "superficial" is the only one I care to deal with: the charge that my friend suppressed the works of his pre-

decessors is answered by the Article itself, which bears on the face of it continual references to the labours of others. And I say that "superficial" is an absurd word to use in reference to an essay so wonderfully learned, and so full of immense and original knowledge—absurd and worse, because it has a distinctly depreciating force. It is one of those convenient terms which mean at once much and little, which are so easy to use and hard to answer. It is the favourite word of those whose learning consists of an accumulation of dead erudition, with no power of making it useful or acceptable to others. Let a man write a book or an article for which the ordinary world is grateful; which shall make some obscure unknown subject plain to the general reader, shall set all its difficulties in broad daylight, and bring out its connexions in many an unexpected point with things already familiar to us; let him, in a word, show that learning is with him not an end but a means to an end—and he is at once assailed by the owls of literature, who because they cannot themselves fly in the sunlight would fain prevent others from doing so. This is the charge we have heard over and over again brought against Dean Stanley, and it is as just in his case as in that of Mr. Deutsch.

But in the present instance the term is a peculiarly unfortunate one; for the only criticism of any force that was made upon the article was that it did not deal enough with the "surface" of the Talmud. When he was writing it, in his lodging at Sydenham, my friend did me the honour to take me into his confidence, and I urged on him again and again that he should give some account

of the *outside* of the book—of the numbers, names, and contents of its various treatises;—and the same thing was repeated by others after publication. I now see how far superior his instinct was to mine; and after I have toiled through the pages of the *Edinburgh* article, which deals mainly and ostentatiously with these things, and bristles with repulsive Hebrew terms in 'inadequate English dress, I shudder to think of the rock upon which I so nearly forced him. In writing his article Mr. Deutsch had two alternatives: first, to give, as an outsider, a mere account of the Talmud, an easy "superficial" *catalogue raisonné* of its contents, well stuffed with names and references; and secondly, as a Jew, a profound scholar in Jewish, Pagan, and Christian lore, a poet and a genius, to give such an exposition of the spirit and intention of the subject as should show how faithful a reflection it was of the mind and temper of his nation, at how many unexpected points it touched on other systems; should give a clue to the interpretation of a vast literature so different from our own; and, by putting his readers *en rapport* with that literature, should give them a real living idea of the whole. The former of these alternatives he fortunately left to the *Edinburgh* reviewer; into the latter he threw himself with all the force, variety, freshness, affection, poetry and genius, which made him so remarkable to all who knew him. Surely if any one thing is more obvious than another in that extraordinary article, it is that its writer is perfectly saturated with his subject; that he entered heart and soul into the Talmud, and that out of the abundance of his heart his mouth spoke. To use the appropriate words of his beloved Psalms, "his heart was hot within him, while he was yet musing the fire burned, and at the last he spake with his tongue." No article was ever less "got up." No single page of it can have been written without knowing all about the matter, without that familiarity which years and years of incessant affectionate study, aided by a burning nationality, and

guided by the genius and impulse of a true poet, can alone produce.

How he laboured and selected, and wrote and re-wrote, and destroyed and wrote again, those few only know who saw him in the process of composition. How he succeeded, it is hardly necessary to recall. Perhaps it is not too much to say that no review-article was ever devoured by so large a number of readers—and competent readers. It carried the *Quarterly* through an unusual number of editions, and the copies on the tables of the Athenæum Club are said to have been black with finger-marks. It was rapidly translated into German and French. It procured for its author the immediate acquaintance of the most eminent scholars of the day, and at once raised him to a high rank in London literary society. Probably these very facts may seem to the writer in the *Edinburgh* to justify his charge of "superficiality." I am quite content that he should rest in that belief. To me, in this case, the public verdict carries triumphant conviction. It shows that the desired end was attained, and that a subject pre-eminently difficult, obscure, and uninviting, was made interesting and attractive to thousands who before were ignorant of it. Nor was this confined to the "Talmud" in its more restricted sense. A flood of light was thrown on Jewish literature in general; and there are few to whom the masterly distinction drawn, probably for the first time, between the Halacha and the Hagada—the doctrine and the legend—with all its most fruitful and suggestive inferences, did not come almost with the force of a revelation.

No doubt so splendid an introduction should have been followed by an extended and systematic work—so glorious an Overture by the entire Opera. And this was the steadfast purpose of my friend. It never forsook him; he struggled on with it through the terrible, long, wearing, painful¹ disease, which at length carried him away;

¹ Cancer of the kidneys and bladder, in its most aggravated form.

and the last pleasant picture of him which his sorrowing friends are permitted to possess is that brought back by a traveller in Upper Egypt, who found him at Thebes on the 23rd of February last, surrounded by his books and talking cheerfully of having "completed" one out of three parts of his great work. Complete in intention, and perhaps in some of those copious notes or memoranda which always surrounded him, and were intelligible to himself alone; but only so far. It is nearly certain that nothing can now be recovered. He has left no successor. Great Hebrew scholars there will always be; but the rabbinical department of the language has attractions for few, and many a generation must pass without seeing again that special union of scholarship and poetic insight, com-

bined with an unusually wide range of general knowledge, and with a devotion to the literature and the memories of his nation almost like the fervent love of a son to his mother, which made Mr. Deutsch's short career so remarkable. No: we can now never hope to understand the Talmud; it will remain a name, as it has always been. The strange mystic volume is again shut for the present;

"For the huge book of wonderland lies closed,
And those strong brazen clasps shall yield
no more."

There is nothing for it but to join with the Dean of Westminster and say, "It is the greatest calamity of the kind that could have happened to me."

GEORGE GROVE.

WILDEAD, July 21st.